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UTINAM.

Oh, that we loved thee purely !
 Loved thee, our God, our all ;
 With a love that is large and joyous,
 Not love that is cramped and small !

Oh, that the best affections
 Of hearts that are warm and true,
 Were lavished in richest treasure
 Where only such wealth is due !

Oh, that our souls were gardens
 Of flowers most sweet and rare,
 All watered with tears of penance,
 And nourished with faithful prayer !

Oh, that our wills so feeble
 Grew strong with the strength of love,
 Till they broke earth's fetters, and changed
 them
 For links that are forged above !

Oh, that the pride which spurs us
 To things unworthy and base,
 Would soar on a grander pinion,
 And strive in a nobler race !

Oh, that our sensitive spirits,
 That shrink from the shadow of shame,
 Were callous to pain that is selfish,
 And keen for their Master's fame !

Oh, that the grief that moves us,
 Were grief for God's love reviled ;
 For wounds that the heart of a father
 Has borne from the hand of a child !

Oh, that our poor complainings
 Were changed into grateful lays ;
 That the sighs of a heart in sadness
 Were fragrant with perfume of praise !

Lord help our earnest desires,
 And give them a deeper root ;
 Let them grow into flower and blossom,
 And ripen to glorious fruit !
 The Month. LADY C. PETRE.

A LULLABY.

HUSH ! hush ! The night draws on ;
 The sun has long since set ;
 And the fast-closing flowers
 With heavy dews are wet.
 Shut close thine eyes ;
 Twilight is darkening the skies.

Hush ! hush ! All sounds are still ;
 The birds are gone to rest ;
 The mother-bird keeps warm
 Her young within the nest.
 Shut close thine eyes,
 For the last songster homeward flies.

Hush ! hush ! The moonbeams fall
 Upon the summer leas ;
 The night-wind murmurs soft
 Among the dusky trees.

 Shut close thine eyes,
 For the last streak of daylight dies.

Hush ! hush ! The day is done.
 Lie down, my child, and sleep ;
 The silver stars above
 For thee a watch will keep.
 Shut close thine eyes ;
 Sweet peace upon thy pillow lies.

Hush ! hush ! And happy dreams
 All through the silent night.
 Fear nothing ; slumber on
 Until the morning bright.
 Shut close thine eyes,
 For angels sing thy lullabies.

Chambers' Journal.

ROSENLIED.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

THE nightingale sang to the rose
 Through the livelong night,
 Till her hue from a ruby red
 Turned wan and white.
 All night it rose and fell —
 That silvery strain,
 And the heart of the red rose throbbed
 With divinest pain ;
 "O Love, O Love !" it rang,
 "I love but thee.
 Thou art the queen of all flowers," he sang,
 "And queen of me !
 O Love, my Love !" he said.
 — Before the dawn,
 The rose on its stalk hung dead,
 The bird was gone.

Transcript.

MILKWEED.

BY "H. H."

O PATIENT creature with a peasant face,
 Burnt by the summer sun, begrimed with
 stains,
 And standing humbly in the dingy lanes !
 There seems a mystery in thy work and place,
 Which crowns thee with significance and
 grace ;
 Whose is the milk that fills thy faithful veins ?
 What royal nursling comes at night and drains
 Unscorned the food of the plebeian race ?
 By day I mark no living thing which rests
 On thee, save butterflies of gold and brown,
 Who turn from flowers that are more fair,
 more sweet,
 And, crowding eagerly, sink fluttering down,
 And hang, like jewels flashing in the heat,
 Upon thy splendid rounded purple breasts.

From The Contemporary Review.
TURKEY.

"WE are the best police of the Bosphorus." The words were spoken with emphasis, as a triumphant and conclusive argument. Nothing more could be required by a foreign visitor to justify the Ottoman rule in Constantinople. The speaker had been a medical student in Paris. His metaphors were made up of the jargon of the hospital. To this all-powerful grand vizier of Sultan Abd-ul-Assiz, it was a stroke of luck that the tsar in nicknaming his country should have called it "Sick Man." Fuad Pasha felt doubly at home in talking of his master's empire as a patient. "If you wish to have news of our health," he continued, "it is not advisable to consult that doctor." "I know Turkey better than he [the tsar], and than any one. I have stethoscoped (*auscultée*) it back and front. There is no organic malady, but—*pardonnez-moi*—we have the itch and no sulphur at hand."

If Fuad Pasha (whose disciple is now in authority) had an ideal system of government, it was that which a man far greater than he, but with a mind of similar tendencies, had expounded in "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*." To reconstruct the caliphate, to reform it into a liberal despotism seated upon the heads of a dumb democracy, this was the thought of the great minister, with whose death is supposed to have departed the glory of the reign of Abd-ul-Assiz. The recent revolution is explained as a reversion to the policy of Fuad. Midhat Pasha is hailed as the political heir of the ex-medical student of Paris. The new advisers of the new sultan will do their best to sustain the opinion, which no doubt they hold, that Turkey is not sick unto death, that, as Fuad said, she has no organic malady. The present writer maintains a contrary opinion, and it is the object of these pages to show that the Turkish empire has organic disease, and that her incurable malady grows ever more deadly as she is forced by new arterial connections, closer and more closely, into the light of the political ideas and civilization of western Europe. I shall reduce the

pleas for the maintenance of the Turkish empire to that one plea of expediency upon which the greatest master of Turkish policy, Fuad Pasha, was content to rest its claim—"We are the best police of the Bosphorus"—and I shall show that the validity of this plea is a reproachful testimony to greed and jealousy, and want of true civilization, on the part of the great powers of Europe.

The Turkish power is a Mahommedan theocracy. No law is popularly accepted as valid unless it has religious sanction. The statute-book must run with the Koran. The *fatwa* of the Sheikh-ul-Islam was needed before any could engage in the dethronement of Abd-ul-Assiz. But we have seen in the history of the empire that the outward manifestation of this theocratic basis can be suppressed wherever it is likely to be offensive. The co-ordinate authority which the queen of these realms exercises, by virtue of the Capitulations of 1675, over all who can be called British subjects in Turkey, was "the command" (I quote the words of the treaty) "of the Emperor and Conqueror of the Earth, achieved with the assistance of the Omnipotent and by the especial Grace of God, We who by Divine Grace, assistance, will, and benevolence, now are the King of Kings of the world, the Prince of Emperors of every age, the Dispenser of Crowns to Monarchs, and the Champion." In less than two hundred years a great change was observed in the outward manifestation of the basis of Turkish power in Europe. In the Treaty of 1856 there is no trace of divine authority about the attributes of the sultan. He is styled simply "emperor of the Ottomans." This was the work of A'ali and Fuad, the great exemplars of the present time. It is not a final condemnation of the Turkish power to say that it is theocratic, for this has been the pretence of all powers, and is still the reputed basis of most of the powers of Europe. In his own dominions, the tsar is just as much "the shadow of God" as the sultan. We must look to the ethics of the religion which is the groundwork of power. Mere forms of speech can be changed, and the language of Paris put into the mouth of the padi-

shah. Had I been blind I could have fancied myself at the Tuileries on the 10th May, 1868, when, amid hopes not less extravagant than those which now encircle the utterances of Murad V., his ill-fated predecessor announced the establishment of the Council of State and of the High Court of Justice. He, the successor of sultans whose pretensions to divine direction had not been less declared than those of the infallible pope,—he, who was, in fact, the pope of the Sooni Mahomedans, confessed that something was wrong, something rotten in his state, because, said the master of greedy pashas, from his throne in the Sublime Porte, “if the principles and laws already established had answered to the exigencies of our country and of our people, we ought to have found ourselves to-day in the same rank as the most civilized and best-administered states of Europe.” With this naïve admission of failure, and “with a view to promote the rights of his subjects,” Abd-ul-Assiz, the reformer, pronounced the establishment of the Council of State “whose members are taken from all classes of our subjects without exception.” “Another body,” he continued, “instituted under the name of the High Court of Justice, has been charged to assure justice to our subjects in that which concerns the security of their persons, their honor, and their property.”

No Christian could speak more fairly. Men talked and wrote of Abd-ul-Assiz as they now write and talk of Murad, and assumed then as now, that a man whose youth had passed under oppression and surveillance, to whom education had been denied as dangerous, upon whom continence and frugality had been enforced, would, when he acquired unlimited power and wealth, when he could indulge unchecked the favorite weaknesses of the Prophet, be a lover of liberty and law, a wise and liberal statesman, the husband of one wife, the master of no slaves, and in his private expenditure, the delight of anxious bondholders. It is the inveterate error of the West to suppose that in Turkey figs grow from thistles—that beautiful women are produced by a life in rooms from which the glorious eye of the heav-

ens, as well as the sight of man is excluded; by walking out of doors in veils which prevent every breath of fresh air; in shoes and upon stones which render exercise a torture, and graceful carriage an impossibility; by a life of inanity, ignorance, and indulgence in unwholesome food. The error is not uncommon nor its cause reconcile. Our mistake is that of the dramatists of the Restoration, who, Lord Macaulay says, knew not that “drapery was more alluring than exposure.” The mystery of the East is our delusion, and this, if we face it closely and fairly, especially if we regard it during moments when in the political struggle its veil is disarranged, is, as we shall see, a cover for evils which prefer darkness rather than light, in social life; a despotism with slavery for a domestic institution, and upon the throne of European Turkey, a misrepresentation founded upon force, upheld by oppression of those beneath it, and by the jealousies of the powers which are entitled its protectors.

The Turkish government has ceased to represent itself to foreign powers as theocratic, but regarding its subjects this is its truest title. When in 1856 the sultan appeared, as we have seen, to throw off, in deference to his Christian protectors of the Latin and Anglican Churches, the assumption of divine authority, it was in fact asserted, though in language purely mundane. He is “emperor of the Ottomans,” *i.e.*, of the Othmans, of the followers of the conqueror, whose sword Murad has girded on in the mosque of Ey-yub, the leader in fact of three millions out of twelve millions of people, supreme ruler by no other right than that of possession, as successor of Mahomed in the caliphate, and of Othman in the empire. Two facts exhibit this most clearly: the Mahomedan is to the Christian population in European Turkey as one to three; but the non-Mahomedan people are excluded from the army (nominally of seven hundred thousand men) by which the sultan's power is maintained. We have seen the opposite of divine right, that of human representation, propounded in the language of the Tuileries. In its initiation, the Council of State was a scandal, and in

existence it has been a means of further enriching the oppressors of the country. The non-Mahommedan population being as three to one, A'ali Pasha, the idol of the Softas, composed a council which indeed exhibited this proportion, but with the figures reversed — three-fourths of the members being Mussulmans. We are thus brought back to the position in which grand viziers, such as Fuad and Midhat, find themselves when, after entering into promises in the French of Paris, they are surrounded with realities in the Arabic of Stamboul. They can make hatts, of course, but if these surpass the sanctions of the Koran, they rest in the pigeon-holes of the Sublime Porte.

The government of Turkey is undoubtedly Mahommedan, and the line of our argument leads us now to inquire, What are the inalienable essentials of Mahommedanism? what is its capacity for change, for re-interpretation, in accordance with modern ideas? The position of the Turkish government, thus representing only one-fourth of the people in the European empire, and claiming sovereignty over other millions in Servia and Roumania, who have successfully repudiated any direct interference by the sultan in their government, is that of a foreign garrison, the soldiery having no connection with the mass of the people. This government and garrison cohere by force of religious ties. Both are Mahommedan. It was long ago admitted by powerful friends of Turkey, that is to say, by the governments of England, France, and Italy, that the only safe path for the empire in the future was by annihilation of this exclusive mode of government; and it was A'ali Pasha, who, in the famous Hatt-y-Humaïoun, promised the overthrow of the Mahommedan system. To make this assurance more certain he consented, on behalf of his master, that the contracting powers of 1856 should be made parties to the execution of this hatt, by a special reference to it in the ninth article of the treaty. Of the thirty-five articles of this Hatt-y-Humaïoun, the most interesting, and from our point of view the only important articles, have, as Mr. Butler-Johnstone, a friend to the Turkish power, writes, "remained dead letters." We will

take his remarks upon this neglect, because there can be no doubt that he does not overstate the case. Referring to the promises of the Hatt-y-Humaïoun, Mr. Butler-Johnstone says:—

(a.) There were to be mixed tribunals of justice, codification of the law, translations of the codes into the different languages of the empire, settled modes of procedure: this has been translated as we have seen into mock courts, unpaid judges, arbitrary procedure, and corrupt decisions. (b.) Farming the revenue was to be abolished, and a sounder fiscal system established: nothing of the kind has been done. (c.) A solemn undertaking was entered into to grapple with the evils of corruption: at present the whole administration is corrupt. (d.) Banks were to be established to assist agriculture and come to the aid of commerce: nothing of the sort has been thought of. (e.) Roads, canals, and railroads, were to be pushed forward with vigor, so as to open up the resources of the country: the absence of roads and canals has prevented the relief of a famished population; and as to railroads, the only important line finished was a cloak for a most notorious scandal. (f.) Foreign capital was to be invited and encouraged by every means, so as to develop the great resources of the country: such vexatious obstructions have been placed in the way of foreign capital that it has shunned the country, and men of integrity like Scott Russell and T. Brassey have had all their offers rejected; unless the pashas catch a glimpse of backshish, foreign enterprise is an abomination in their eyes. (g.) Christians were to be admitted into the army on the principle of general equality: nothing of the sort has taken place.

These promises are, in all important points, identical with those made, or to be made, by Murad V. Midhat Pasha is prepared to follow his great predecessors in the political dishonesty of manufacturing imperial edicts, made for show and not for use, which cannot become law in the Turkish empire, because no law is there held valid which has not the *fatwa* of the Sheik-ul-Islam and the support of the clergy. I shall contend that they are made without regard to the basis of Turkish law — the Koran; that they cannot be executed without a complete surrender of Mahommedan principles, involving ultimately an overthrow of the Mahommedan

empire. Observation of Mussulman authority in the three continents has convinced me of the truth of the following opinion, penned by a distinguished upholder of the Mahomedan rule in Turkey: "Religion in the East," he most truly says, "has not the restricted meaning which it has with us. Everything with them is religious. All those questions which with us would be termed matters of politics are with the Mahomedans matters of religion. Mahomedanism is, in fact, a religion, a code, and a civil polity, or rather these three things are different aspects of the same idea." Therefore, in order to master the internal springs of the Turkish system we must go to the Koran. Englishmen have been taken to the Koran by blind guides. Attempts, like that of Mr. Bosworth Smith in his "Mahommed and Mahomedanism," have been made to varnish the Koran. Ill-judged as I shall show these to have been, they are not surprising. It is the ever-spreading revolt against certain dogmas of ecclesiastical Christianity that has led to this shallow delight in the Koran, of which the central doctrine is that of the unity of God. The service of the grand mosque, still known to Europe by its Christian name, Santa Sophia, in its outward aspect lofty and sublime—it is ennobled by a comparison with the mean mummeries of the altars of Seville, or with the farthing tapers and picture-kissings of Moscow. But that is not Mahomedanism; and these things—the wooden dolls of Spain, "Our Ladies" of Montserrat and Atocha, and of this place and that,—dolls endowed with revenues, and with sacristans for keepers of their wardrobes; the adored pictures of Moscow, devoid of beauty or of the charm of high and authentic antiquity—nor are these things Christianity. We shall, however, be better able to appreciate the error of these apologists of Mahomedanism when we have glanced at the leading doctrines of Mahommed. The Prophet of Islam was a soldier—the Napoleon of his age. If the great Corsican had lived twelve hundred years before his time, it is probable that "*Les Idées Napoléoniennes*" would have taken the form of the suras of the Koran. That was a time when opinion was moulded by conquest, and the sword of Mahommed was never long in its scabbard. He wrote a chapter of the Koran while his cheek streamed with blood from a wound sustained in the battle of Ohud. The Koran encourages Islam to war with the infidels:—

Fight, therefore, until there be no temptation to idolatry, and the religion be God's.

Fight for the religion of God against those who fight against you. Kill them wherever ye find them, and turn them out of that whereof they have dispossessed you, for temptation to idolatry is more grievous than slaughter.

War is enjoined you against the infidels; but this is hateful unto you; yet perchance ye hate a thing which is better for you, and perchance ye love a thing which is worse for you; but God knoweth, and ye know not.*

Of course there is not in ordinary times an active desire to indulge in a crusade against impossible odds; the supreme doctrines of utility are too strong for that. But every Moslem knows that the defeat of heresy by conquest is a cardinal point of Mahommed's teaching. It is no answer to this to allege that the Christianity of the Middle Ages was no better, and to quote the papal legate who put the edge of sectarian swords to all throats, with the words, "Kill all; God will know his own."

Yet the error which is latent in this line of argument has to be exposed. It seems to men like Mr. Bosworth Smith, and others, to be a discovery at once most interesting and even startling, that all systems of religion, those established before Christ as well as that of Mahommed, are related. They find not only ideas but laws transmitted—that Christianity is not the Alpha and Omega of religion. Standing in regard to the orthodox interpretation of their own sacred books somewhat in the attitude of the "poor cat i' th' adage," "letting I dare not wait upon I would," they are overjoyed with the delicious *souçon* of irrefragable heterodoxy thus imparted, and in their religious rapture, fail to grasp the utilitarian chain which would lead them link by link to an invaluable test in this comparison. They are not too careful how they deal with their own Bible when "the insuperable dogmatic character" of the Koran is in question. Mr. Butler-Johnstone, who I presume is with Mr. Disraeli "on the side of the angels" in the matter of evolution, argues that "the inspired character of the Christian sacred books has not prevented progress in religion in Europe, and for this reason—viz., that the inspired writings are sufficiently elastic in expression to admit of progressive developments and interpretations; otherwise religious thought, and with it civilization, would have been strangled in the Christian

* Sale's Al Koran, chap. ii.

world. And so it is, and perhaps even more so, with the Koran." These desperate friends of Mahomedan power are blind to facts as well as tendencies. Stretch the doctrines of the Koran to the length they desire, and the religion of Mahomed is gone; strain them politically, so as to establish a true equality of Mahomedan and non-Mahomedan population, and the empire of Othman must pass away. Of course, doctrines of the Koran may be amended by a revised interpretation—that is, some of them. Women need not be condemned to suffer ill-health from want of fresh air, because the Koran tells them "to discover not their ornaments," to conceal their charms from all but certain persons. Upon this matter directly affecting the whole population, there are several interpretations now in sight among Mahomedans. The Persians include the eyes, the Turks do not, and the opinion of high society in Constantinople has ceased to include any part of the face, the only difference from European custom being that whereas the veils of English ladies full from the head-dress, those of the belles of Stamboul, not less diaphanous, mount from the chin to the nose. The Koran says, "Take in marriage such women as please you—two, or three, or four, and not more;" but the faithful may enter into temporary connubial arrangements with any number of "those women whom thy right hand shall possess as slaves." It is this latter provision in one of the earliest of Mahomed's suras, or chapters of the Koran, which permits of a deposed sultan being followed to imprisonment by "fifty-three boats full of women," and of a shah arriving in Tehran after a stay at one of his country palaces, followed by eighty *takterawans* loaded with the women of his *anderoon*. But it will be said there is nothing in these words to prevent the spread of monogamy, which is already the established rule of life with many Turks. Nothing whatever; and it is obvious that time tends to encourage it along the line which these apologists will not recognize—the line which runs on forever through all systems of religion. Wherever Mahomedanism touches a higher civilization, the woman gains individuality, the veil loses opacity, and polygamy is less common. Why? Because civilization is synonymous with individuality, and individuality is both troublesome and costly in the person of dependents. The thinly veiled beauty of Constantinople has requirements unthought of by the secluded

Persian lady, and thus, by the teaching of humanity, the Turk is guided to the equitable law of monogamy. I will even admit that in adopting this rule, it is possible the Moslem does not repudiate the sanction of the Koran, and that even after a life spent in fidelity to one wife, he does not regard with scorn and contempt the revealed privileges of Mahomed in this matter. "There is nothing in the religion of Islam," says a writer of the highest authority in a recent article upon "The Situation viewed from Constantinople," "which can fairly be called adverse to civilization." I shall abundantly expose the falsity of this proposition; but if the writer had said, "There is nothing in the religion of Islam which can withstand civilization," I should have agreed with him. It is hard to feel aught but disgust for Christian writers who degrade themselves by penning apologies for the rampant lust of Mahomed. The lowest depths of historical imposture contain nothing so foul as the deliberate admixture by Mahomed of special license for himself, in regard to polygamy, with sacred principles of justice, in the Koran. It is surely too large a concession for truth, to say that the practice of monogamy, which the apologists rightly declare is extending in Turkey, is consistent with reverence for the man who, because he wished to take for himself the wife of another, and could not gain possession of her by his hand as a slave, put these words into the mouth of the Mahomedan God:—

O Prophet, we have allowed thee thy wives, unto whom thou hast given their dower, and also the slaves which thy right hand possesseth of the booty which God hath granted thee, and the daughters of thy uncles and the daughters of thy aunts, both on thy father's side and on thy mother's side, who have fled with thee from Mecca, and any other believing woman if she give herself unto the Prophet, in case the Prophet desireth to take her to wife. This is a peculiar privilege granted unto thee above the rest of true believers. . . . Thou mayst postpone the turn of such of thy wives as thou shalt please. God knoweth whatever is in your hearts, and God is knowing and gracious.

Joe Smith and Brigham Young have not been without success in their humbler way and in more rational times; but it may be fairly doubted if they would have had as large a following had their sacred books contained special privileges of this sort for the leaders of Mormonism. Islam is adverse to civilization; the Koran is not

"sufficiently elastic in expression to admit of progressive developments and interpretations," because it is a religion essentially opposed to the progress of humanity. It is a religion of force and of sex. "The true servants of God," says the Koran concerning the Mahommedan heaven, will be rewarded with "delicious fruits, and the virgins of paradise, withholding their countenance from any other than their spouses, having large black eyes and skin like the eggs of an ostrich." The coarse materialism of this and many other passages almost similar in words, is dealt with by Mr. Bosworth Smith in a very shallow argument. It is a hard fact that no higher ideal of supernatural life is given in the Koran, and the grossness of the picture is, we are told, "explained by Mahommedans to be merely Oriental imagery." This might be accepted if the programme of Mahommed's heaven included entertainments for women, if for them there was something more than bare admission. They are not even translated into the "black-eyed virgins" who are to share the fruits and the couches of paradise; for, says the Koran, "We have created the damsels of paradise by a peculiar creation." It is not my purpose to contrast one religion with another; I am not engaged in the defence of Christianity, nor in the needless work of vindicating its superiority to Islam; yet it is with a feeling of offence that I find in Mr. Bosworth Smith's book the heaven of Mahommed contrasted with the heaven of Christ, "where they neither marry nor are given in marriage," and the sensual hereafter of Mahommed condoned with the absurd apology that "a polygamous people could hardly have pictured to themselves a heaven without polygamy." The *raison d'être* of women on earth in the eyes of Mahommedans has been translated so faithfully and truly into their heaven, as to lead many to suppose that the Koran allows no future life to women. But evidently this was not the idea of the dictator of the Koran. He constructed heaven as he observed the earth, and, has therefore not without show of reason been held to have denied the immortality of women, while extolling that of men. If all the "Turcophiles" in the world tug together at the words of the Koran, they cannot be expanded or reasonably interpreted so as to exhibit an equality of divine favor to men and women.

An English school leans to Islam because it is monotheistic; they touch gently on its faults for the sake of its assertion

of the unity of God. We should perhaps have fewer exhibitions of the sort if it were generally known that while denying the Godhead of Christ, the Koran accepts his miraculous conception and birth, and, denying that he was crucified, holds to his miracles and acknowledges that those miracles were an exhibition of divine powers. The pope pays homage to utility rather than to the Catholic religion, in making presents to sultan and shah, who believe, in the words of the Koran, that "when God shall say unto Jesus at the last day, 'O Jesus, Son of Mary, hast thou said unto men, 'Take me and my mother for two Gods, beside God'?" he shall answer, 'I have not spoken unto them any other than what thou didst command me, namely — worship God, my Lord and your Lord.'" If we must compare the doctrines of Christ with those of Mahommed, what could show the difference in more glaring light than the dictum of the Koran, "If a man or woman steal, cut off their hands in retribution for that which they have committed; this is an exemplary punishment appointed by God, and God is mighty and wise"? Six months have not passed since I saw a helpless man, a victim of this cruel law, in consequence of theft. But it may be said that these things are only on a level with the barbarities of the earlier books of the Bible, to which I suppose the followers of Christ would reply that those books are not Christian. We must recognize the fact that to write upon the history and the inter-influence of religions, in a way to be of permanent value, something more is requisite than is displayed by any of the apologists of Mahommedanism whom we have met with. When Mr. Butler-Johnstone writes of an elastic Bible and of stretching the Koran, towards what line is it that these sacred books are to be strained? If we want to understand whether there is anything in Islam opposed to civilization, we must know what we mean by one and the other. We have seen something of the doctrines of Islam. What then is civilization? If it were merely buying ironclads, laying down telegraph wires, borrowing money upon worthless paper, building a crystal palace, or arming men with breechloaders, I should say, "Islam has done these things." But I take civilization to be, in its briefest meaning, the extension of civil rights; the co-existence of the supremacy of law with the liberty of individuals to develop and employ their faculties, for their utmost happiness and advantage. The sum of success in this endeavor is

ever increasing. We know without shadow of doubt that

Through the ages one increasing purpose runs; and we have in this fact, in the increasing individuality of mankind, in what we call progress or civilization, a test by which to judge the doctrines of religion, whether they be transient or eternal. Of the facts which the history of the world has furnished, no one is more patent than the fact and the method of human progress, in which many religions have been and will be submerged. Mankind is outgrowing or has outgrown the practices of slavery and polygamy which are extolled by the Koran, and which did not seem hateful in the days of Christ. The experiences of life lead to laws of life, which are necessarily more and more concerned with the rights of individuals. Of the book of Mahommed nothing is left, in the light of the present civilization, but the idea of God, supreme, omnipotent, impersonal. It is not so with the words of Christ: his idea, the brotherhood of mankind, is the banner of the time to come, and gives the largest prospect of progress which eyes can see upon the horizon of humanity.

We started to prove that a Mahommedan government could not perform the promises of the Hatt-y-Humaïoun of 1856 without ceasing to be Mahommedan; and this is true because Mahommedanism as a religious system, cannot admit the followers of other creeds upon terms of equality. It is, as it was in the time of its founder, a religion of fighting-men, who acknowledged no right but the might of the sword; its heaven is the reward of fighting-men and none other. The reign of force is still the rule of Mahommedan countries, and progress is slow under the blighting law of the Koran. But the germs of progress, which now assert themselves chiefly in abuse of the reigning authorities, grow quickly where there is contact with European civilization. Fuad Pasha, in Stamboul, was little more a Mahommedan than is the Greek Pasha who represents the Turkish power with so much sympathy and suavity in London; and if Midhat, the heir of Fuad's ideas, enforces upon Turkey the unfulfilled promises of 1856, Turkey will cease to be Mahommedan. She promised codification of law and independent tribunals of European pattern. How is it possible to put the Koran into a code acceptable to Christians? She promised to admit the whole population into the army on

the principle of equality. But this is equivalent to making the army three-fourths non-Mahommedan, a situation in which Mahommedan supremacy in the government could not endure for twenty-four hours.

Turning to the political situation of Turkey, we find her bankrupt in finance, with courts of law described as "markets, not open markets, but dirty back-door shops, closets for fraud, corners for chicanery, and dens where professional brokers meet the judicial staff to job causes and rob suitors." The old, old story about the native nobility of the Turk is of the same sort as Mr. Bosworth Smith's assertion that "an Arab *cannot* ill-treat his horse," which is perhaps as untrue as anything could be. In caravans upon the plains and hills of the Turkish empire, Arabs are every day driving animals with wounds which would win the compassion of a Spaniard or an Italian, and which in any English town would bring punishment upon the driver. I have lately seen the knees of horses streaming with blood and the quivering muscles exposed, from frequent falls upon the stony plain, and again and again have compelled Arab owners to remove the loads from such distressed animals, which they would not hesitate to urge forward with whips of iron chain. Arab horses are cruelly wounded by bad shoeing, by overloading, and by bad harness. Nothing is more common in the remote parts of the Turkish empire than to see a man use in riding a sharp-pointed knife as a substitute for a bridle and whip, pricking the animal's neck on the contrary side to that towards which he wishes to direct his course. I know no people so cruel to their horses as the Arabs. Ignorance can ill-treat anything. In Salonica I saw a Turk cauterizing the harness-wounds of his mule with a red-hot frying-pan which he had borrowed from a cook's shop for the purpose.

It is not entirely owing to the will of the Turkish government that the peasants or rayahs pay, in the most cruel form of taxation, so large a portion of the revenue. The trade of Turkey is for the most part carried on in the great towns by foreigners, and these are, in the unnatural circumstances of the empire, exempt from taxation. The policy of Russia, in collecting large amounts of indirect taxation at her ports, appears to some Turkish statesmen the highest wisdom, but the powers, and England especially, would not approve this mode of raising the rev-

enne. Turks say that consequently there is no other way of reaching the mass of the people but by taxation in kind levied upon their crops. By a monstrous euphemism, the exclusion of the non-Mussulman population from the army is charged to them as "exemption," and they are made to pay about five shillings per man to establish their own degradation. They cannot reap or thrash without the presence of the tax-farmer, and Thessalian peasants have told me that these persons habitually give presents to the military officer of the district, in order that he may turn a deaf ear to the rayah imploring protection against the tax-farmer. At Volo I met with two gentlemen, one of whom, a Frenchman, said that until lately he held his land in the name of a peasant who was sweeping the paths of his garden; that he had attempted to introduce French labor, but that no foreigners would submit to the exactions of the Turkish soldiers, who had cuffed, and, without notice, had dragged some of his French laborers from their work to cart military stores. As to finance, the new sultan cannot restore the credit of Turkey. The blunt dishonesty with which the recent repudiation was effected probably displayed the success of General Ignatieff's long intrigues. Three years ago he was reported to have said that the Turkish empire would not endure for eighteen months. He labored in the hope of detaching the care of England from her debtor, believing that English interest in Turkey was identical with that of the bondholders; and he was not altogether wrong. I suspect that if there was an end, definite and complete, to the claims of the bondholders upon the Turkish government, we should hear much less of British sympathy with Mussulman rule. The new government can undoubtedly soften the act of repudiation and show good will to the bondholders by proposing better terms, but they cannot sustain Turkish finance in the old way by feeding deficits with loans; and in face of an aroused and hopeful population, predominant in numbers though they are excluded from the army, they dare not increase the revenue or readjust the abominable and rapacious system of taxation. If every person in England who has a direct or indirect interest in Turkish securities could be ticketed and his influence eliminated from the political question, we should debate that with a truer measure of its importance. As it is, when we hear the movements of the powers discussed, we know not whether the speaker

is addressing us from his head or from his pocket. British subjects hold Turkish bonds to the nominal value probably of £100,000,000; and when we presently pass to the consideration of the external circumstances of Turkey, we must not forget the obligations of English policy towards these speculators in the stability of the Turkish empire. One great matter, that of the order of succession to the throne, has been for the present arranged by a revolution and a suicide. The late sultan only followed the example of others in desiring to adopt the Western, in place of the Mussulman, order of heirship. This desire was stimulated by the knowledge that, according to Mussulman law, his hoards would pass to Murad if his nephew succeeded to the throne. The property of the late sultan belongs legally to his successor; there was therefore, from the moment of his abdication, never any question as to its destiny. The sultan can make no will, a regulation which has a salutary object though it is productive of most unwholesome consequences. The rule is established to prevent him from taxing the country and confiscating its wealth for his own enrichment: it has had the effect of making sultans prodigal to favorites, and of surrounding them with parasites. Abdul-Assiz hoarded, and hoped to change the system: he has failed, and his wealth is now in the hands of Murad. The khedive has power to leave his vice-regal crown to his son, but in his case there was never the difficulty which opposed the sultan; as a subject, he has the power of devise, and will perhaps some day bring about a revolution by the extravagance of his outlay and the magnificence of his family. His vassalage is held by a tie at once weaker and more strong than that which holds the recalcitrant provinces of Turkey, which are non-Mussulman. Yet a great deal too much is made of the sultan's power as chief of the Sooni division of Mahomedans. He is not regarded as a heaven-born ruler, whose hereditary right is a divine right; he is rather a chief acclaimed by Church and State whose special function it is to lead the battles of the Crescent against the Cross. I have no doubt whatever that a declaration of independence on the part of Egypt would be thoroughly successful, if the khedive were secure against attack by the Porte, and from interference by the powers. Of the fanaticism of the Turks there can be no question. The exercises enjoined by the Prophet, and the rewards he promised, contribute to this end. "What shall be

our lot if we die in the fight?" "Paradise," replied Mahommed. "The sun burns us," groaned his fighting-men upon the plains of Arabia. "Hell is hotter," was the Prophet's response; and in order that there should be no doubt about the alternative, he communicated to them, as the mouthpiece of God, a notion of the torments of hell. "Boiling water," says the Koran, "shall be poured on their heads; their bowels shall be dissolved thereby, and also their skins, and they shall be beaten with maces of iron. As often as they attempt to escape from the anguish of their torments they shall be dragged back again, and the tormentors shall say unto them, 'Taste ye the pain of burning.'"

In the ceremonies of religion, the Mahommedan labors to obtain abstraction. He watches the gyrations of dancing dervishes, or the rockings to and fro and the deep shouts of howling dervishes, till these produce the desired effect, and his mind and body reel in unison with the performers. I have lately seen crowds of men and boys rushing through the streets of Persian towns beating their bare breasts for hours till the skin was red and inflamed, intoxicated with this exercise, and with shouting, "Ah! Houssein," on the supposed anniversary of the death of the Prophet's grandson. Men in this condition are ready for bloodshed, or for any act of violence which may be supposed to contribute to the stability of their religion. The Mahommedans of India, of Turkey, and of Egypt revere the authority of the sultan; but from many he is a long way off, and no people more quickly learn to accept the inevitable as destiny. Sir Lewis Pelly, when he was political resident in the Persian Gulf, saw much of the people of Arabia, and reported to the Bombay government that "the Arabs acknowledge the Turks as we do the Thirty-nine Articles, which all accept and none remember." The sultan's claim to religious authority in the caliphate is regarded by the Persians, and by all Shi'ahs, as illegal. His Soonite followers accept the four successors of the Prophet as true caliphs or imams, and in recognizing him as head of the orthodox, they admit the descent of this power through the line of sultans. The Shi'ahs, on the other hand, absolutely reject all claims to the imamate other than those of Ali (who married Fatima, the only surviving child of the Prophet) and his descendants. At the present time, the Shi'ahs acknowledge no visible imām. The three first imams of the Shi'ahs are Ali and his two sons, Hassan and Hous-

sein. The eighth was the very holy Réza, whose shrine at Meshed is always crowded; the twelfth and last, Mehdee, was born A.D. 868, and, according to Shi'ah belief, was taken from the sight of men when he was nine years old. Mehdee is to return to earth some day, bearing with him the complete and perfect Koran, which, according to Shi'ah doctrine, was in the hands of Ali.

The Sooni Mahommedans may always have a caliph, but they have no competent leaders under whom to fight for the maintenance of the line of Othman; and as long as they are permitted the enjoyment of their religion, no people submit more quietly and quickly to overwhelming force. Even in Europe, Russia has nearly as many Mahommedan as Polish subjects; yet while that vast empire is excited with hopes of a crusade against the Turks, there is not a whisper of revolt among the hundreds of thousands of Mahommedans who inhabit the banks of the Volga. We, on our part, are told that it is the duty of England to maintain misgovernment,—for that, as I have shown, must be synonymous with Turkish rule in Europe,—because we have thirty million Mahommedan subjects in India, whose fidelity, it is said, rests upon our friendship with the Porte. How is it that these thirty millions are never referred to as a sufficient bulwark against Russia, the implacable foe of the Ottoman empire? Of course they take an interest in the welfare of the sultan, and would be glad, if we were engaged in a life or death struggle against Turkey—which is an impossibility—to seize that moment for revolt. As Mahommedans they would rebel at any time if there was a clear prospect of supplanting our government with Mahommedan rule. But to assert that a settlement of the Eastern question in the only way in which it can be settled, would embarrass our government in India, is an opinion which the evidence adduced from Hunter's "Mahommedan Subjects" and other authorities does not justify. When the enthronement of the Koran in Europe is ended, it will be accomplished by an exhibition of force, in face of which all Islam will be dismayed and will acknowledge destiny. Would it not then be more reasonable to suppose that the misfortunes of Mahommedanism in Europe would strengthen the contentment of Indian Mahommedans with the rule of a power known to be the most tolerant? But the weakness of the Turkish empire in Europe lies in the fact that three-fourths

of the people are non-Mahommedan, and in the fear lest the Ottoman garrison has not strength to resist the non-Mussulmans and their allies. The Turkish army has neither pay nor efficient officers. For a long time, until Europe would bear it no longer, the Turkish forces might be maintained by ravaging provinces of immense fertility, and European officers may be bought, as they have at all times been bought, to wear Turkish swords; but we have seen in the Herzegovina a sample of the spirit of resistance which such a war engenders—a spirit such as was displayed in Greece more than fifty years ago, and such as is ready to blaze out from Belgrade to Adrianople and Salonica. If one were to ask the present grand vizier what was the origin of the outbreak, he would refer to the visit of the emperor of Austria to Dalmatia in May, 1875, and tell how his Majesty there met the Montenegrin prince and made him colonel of an Austrian regiment. The vizier would say that Serbia is playing a double game with two of the great powers—that she encourages Russia in panslavism, while she looks to Austria to prevent the fruition of Russian hopes and to ensure her against absorption by the northern power. The Servian weakens the Turk by supporting insurrection on his borders; and while coquetting alternately with Russian and Austrian, has his own idea as to the future, in which he sees Belgrade the guard of a Servian or south Slavonic kingdom, including the populations of Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro.

The political movements of Serbia are, it is observed, regulated with military precision. The tsar's chancellor lately telegraphed to Prince Milan to keep quiet, and there was calm over all the land, a state of things which entirely supports the description of the government, given to me on the spot, by the late *doyen* of the consular body. "The prince governs," he said, "with a senate and a house of representatives, the first being nominated by himself, the second by the chief of his police." In the provinces of Bulgaria and Thessaly, there is great dislike for Turkish rule, but Thessaly will not move without the support of Greece, of whose advances into her borders, with designs of annexation, Thessaly has most unpleasant remembrances. The depredations of Greek bands have led to her being not more attracted to the sceptre of King George than to the wearer of the sword of Othman. As to the Bulgarians, their language, like that of Serbia, is understood

by Russians. The recent movement in Bulgaria is certainly the result of Russian intrigue. For themselves, the Bulgarians have not a settled policy of revolt. As a battle-field, Bulgaria has suffered greatly, and her old men have no happy recollections of Russian invasion. For years they nursed a grievance—their spiritual pastors and masters have been Greek, supplied by the patriarch of Constantinople from the Phanar quarter of that city, the quarter from whence, owing to the ignorance of the Turks, the working heads of Ottoman bureaucracy have been obtained. It is perhaps for this reason that the Bulgarians have never looked kindly upon the aspirations of Greece to lead the fight against Islam. If there is a general rising, the Bulgarians will not be idle, and probably their leaders have vague ideas of an autonomy something like that of Roumania, under the protection of Russia. They are quite familiar with roubles and copecks, and indeed, in the current coin of northern Bulgaria, the tsar's image is seen as often as the sultan's cipher. Supposing a Russian army to have landed in Bulgaria and to have the sympathy of the people, the great difficulty of the Turks would be in keeping open communications between the capital and such strongholds as Silistria and Widin. Bulgaria is the best battle-ground in European Turkey. When in former times Russian invaders have approached the Danube, they have passed through the plains of Great Wallachia, which are swamps from November to June, and most unwholesome resting-places in the brief period when they are passable by armies. Who can wonder that, gazing across the Danube, from the flat lands of Wallachia upon the green slopes of Bulgaria, fruitful and healthy, dotted with pleasant villages, they have longed to possess themselves of this fair province? The silver streak of the Danube, half a mile wide from the earthworks of Silistria to the Roumanian shore, is in itself a great security, but the strongly fortified hills behind the town have batteries which can sweep the Wallachian plain as they did when the Russians were repulsed in the last war.

Against the ambition of Russia upon the Danube, the powers erected, at the close of the Crimean War, a barrier as strong as the circumstances permitted. In order to shut her out more completely from the great river, they took from Russia a part of Bessarabia, added it to Moldavia, and, as the United Principalities, neutralized those provinces which are now

known under the common name of Roumania. This was done by the twenty-second article of the Treaty of 1856:—

The principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia shall continue to enjoy, under the suzerainty of the Porte, and under the guarantee of the contracting powers, the privileges and immunities of which they are in possession. No exclusive protection shall be exercised over them by any of the guaranteeing powers. There shall be no separate right of interference in their internal affairs.

This barrier was strengthened in 1866, when the emperor Napoleon, whose resentment at the proposed elevation of a Hohenzollern prince in 1870 led to the fatal consequences of Sedan, gave his cordial consent to the installation of a member of a reigning house of Prussia as prince of the United Principalities. The cabinet of Lord Palmerston hailed the accession of Prince Charles, who still rules in Jassy and Bucharest. But the government is not settled; there is always in the political atmosphere a sense of impending change. If in place of between four million and five millions of Roumains of Latin race, speaking a language akin to Italian, the Slavs of Bulgaria had occupied this side of the Danube, the position of Russia would have been greatly strengthened. If Russian panslavism is ever triumphant, the Roumanians will be, as Americans say, "cornered." But if the Roumains should find the shelter of the Sublime Porte insufficient, they will look to their German prince, and to their Austrian brothers in Transylvania and Bukovina, to save them from the fatal embrace of the Northern Bear.

The three emperors have, however, given notice to the world that they arrogate to themselves exclusive powers to deal as they please with these provinces and with the guarantees by which their independence is secured. No one will venture to say that if they can agree upon a policy, this is a matter beyond their strength. Their united conduct last year with reference to the Roumanian treaties of commerce was a virtual infraction of the treaty of 1856, an interference not in co-operation with England and France. It was a proceeding which would be very useful as paving the way for access by Russian troops to Bulgaria; and having regard to the obvious meaning of the above-recited article, such a violation of the territory of the principalities could hardly be regarded as a more flagrant wrong. The commercial system of Tur-

key is favourable to free-trade—that of Russia is the rudest protection. The United Principalities were not unwilling to enlarge their revenue by an increase of indirect taxation, and the three emperors, disregarding their engagement, undertook "interference in internal affairs" "separate" from their co-signatories, England and France. Nothing could be more clear than the obligations of Prince Charles's government. The firman from Sultan Abd-ul-Assiz, upon acceptance of which Prince Charles received investiture, contains the following stipulation:—

You engage, in your own name and in the name of your successors, to consider, as in times past, as binding upon the United Principalities, all the treaties and conventions existing between my Sublime Porte and the other powers in so far as they should not infringe the rights of the United Principalities, settled and recognized by the acts relating to them; also to maintain and respect the principle that no treaty or convention could be directly concluded by the United Principalities with foreign powers. My imperial government will nevertheless not fail to consult the United Principalities upon the dispositions of every treaty or convention which might relate to their laws and commercial regulations.

Those who in face of this agreement could contend that Roumania had a separate right to enter into commercial treaties, could have no difficulty in passing a foreign army across the Pruth.

There is no religious persecution in the Turkish empire more cruel than that which the Jews of Roumania have suffered from members of the Greek Church. These provinces have long been the home of Russian Jews, who formerly fled from Poland to escape conscription and who now get away from Odessa to avoid the more universal law of military service, which follows the example of Germany. I have read in a Bucharest journal a letter from a public officer, inviting three Israelites to quit the area of his jurisdiction, with the alternative of "severe executive measures." It had been determined, this officer said, to have no Jews in his district. This is only one of many false notes of "Christianity" in Turkey. The so-called Christians are often dishonest, not seldom drunken, and, though not inferior to the people of Russia in political capacity, are, in this respect, far beneath the level of any other European people. But theirs are vices and deficiencies such as ages of oppression by a foreign soldiery (the Turks are such to them) would produce anywhere. They have had no in-

struction, no consolation, except from priests ignorant as themselves, and the worship in their churches appears a de-based idolatry in comparison with the grandly simple ritual of the mosques. The extolled virtues of the Turk are those which have ever been exhibited by conquerors in the plenitude of supremacy above millions who toil to make their wealth, such as a foreigner would have seen in the Anglo-Normans eight hundred years ago. In Mahomedan countries, where there is no interference by civilized powers, a convert to Christianity forfeits his property, upon application to the Sheik-ul-Islam by the next of kin. In the present year an Armenian Christian of rank postponed his visit to a royal personage on account of wet weather. I asked him what connection the humidity of the atmosphere had with his intention, and he said that non-Mussulmans were not welcome, the tradition from the times when they were forbidden to walk the streets in wet weather, in order that Islam might avoid the superior power of contamination which their garments acquired by moisture, being not yet quite forgotten. It is not true that intemperance is confined to the non-Mussulman population. I have never seen people drink ardent spirits in such quantities as some Mahomedans of station whom I have met with in travel. A Moslem prince lately asked me why I drank wine—"It does not make you drunk. I take arrack," he added. English doctors in the East are frequently summoned to cases of delirium tremens, but

Offence's gilded hand doth shove by justice,
Furred gowns and furbelows hide all.

The rich Moslem drinks privately, the non-Mussulman publicly. The Moslem drinks at night, the non-Mussulman at all times. Perhaps a majority of Mahomedans would refuse to drink intoxicating liquor, though in a *troupe* of servants I have never seen more than a respectable minority of this mind, and it is possible that many of the poor believe the Koran to be as inexorable in this matter as our Good Templars. Mr. Bosworth Smith falls into the vulgar error. He says that Mahomed "absolutely prohibited gambling and intoxicating liquors." The Prophet did nothing of the sort in the Koran. The words of the Moslem bible are these: "They will ask thee concerning wine and lots (*al meiser*). Answer, In both there is great sin, and also some things of use unto men; but their

sinfulness is greater than their use." I should suppose that even Sir William Harcourt or Mr. Bass would go as far as this. It is, however, the belief of pious Moslems that when Omar demanded from the Prophet direction more definite, in order that a better condition might be maintained among the then encompassed army of Islam, Mahomed did in some terms forbid gambling and the drinking of intoxicating liquors; but this prohibition was never made part of the Koran. In Mahomed's paradise we find the apotheosis of Bacchus. Youths, in perpetual bloom, are to attend the happy, "with goblets and beakers, and cups of flowing wine; their heads shall not ache by drinking the same, neither shall their reason be disturbed." The "black-eyed damsels" are again introduced, and the promise is given to the men in paradise, "They shall not hear vain discourse, or charge of sin, but only the salutation, Peace, peace." As to gambling, if he has never travelled in the East, it will surprise Mr. Smith to find that Mahomedans play cards on the sands of the desert, on the decks of ships, as well as on the carpets of their homes.

But I have made ill use of the present opportunity if I have induced in the mind of the reader an impression very favorable towards the "Christians" of Turkey. For this much I am always prepared to contend: they do possess, and their masters do not possess, a religion which admits of progressive developments and interpretations. The swelling sweep of humanity may for all time be illumined by the morals of the gospel of Christ. It is nothing to show that Mahomedanism is more successful in proselytizing Eastern peoples than the harshly dogmatic, un-Christian "Christianity" of preachers whom I have heard Sunday after Sunday dilating to Oriental' crowds upon the indispensable connection between "the covenant of circumcision with Abraham" and the shedding of Christ's blood. We may develop and interpret Christ's teaching as universal, for all classes and without distinction of sex. But Mahomedanism is a democracy for men, and not for all men, but only for such as are not slaves, and with these last and lowest, not directly, but by unmistakable reference, the entire sex of women is placed. The religion of Islam is, for this reason alone, incompatible with progress, and must decline as civilization advances. Very urgent reasons are therefore required to sustain a policy having for its prime object the

maintenance of Mahomedan power, which, in its supremacy above an overwhelming majority of non-Mussulmans, must needs be transient, and must expire in the moment when these are in full possession of that complete equality to which the Turkish government has solemnly pledged itself in 1856 and 1876.

It remains for us to consider the separate interests of the powers. Austria is the nearest. The monarchical greed for territory can perhaps only be understood by those who have nothing else to wish for. The position of Austria is one of great importance. She can pass troops most easily into the disaffected districts; and if the presence of a British fleet in the Black Sea left no opening for Russian attack, except by Roumania, Austria, if she has nothing to fear from Germany, could attack the invaders in flank at terrible disadvantage to Russia. She has gone hand in hand with the tsar, not willingly, not only because of their original bond of union in the partition of Poland, but more than all from fear lest, to her exclusion, Russia should be the favorite friend of the revolting provinces. Midhat Pasha probably believes that Count Andrassy is playing a double game; that while he satisfies the objections of his compatriot Magyars by disclaiming schemes of annexation, he is hoping and resolved to please his master by the gift of Herzegovina and Bosnia. That Austria dreams of her crown floating down the Danube, saluted from both shores as the emblem of a welcome sovereignty, there can be no doubt; but the dreamer wakes with a start and finds it is not true, as he had seen in a closing vision, that Bismarck is dating orders from the Burg in Vienna, to a German fleet in possession of the port of Trieste. At the end of a visit to Servia, I quitted the uneasy principality in company with the ban of Croatia, the late field-marshal Baron Gablenz, who had been sent to Belgrade by the emperor Francis Joseph on a special mission. To the present writer he freely expressed his opinion that Servia would gladly be united to the Austro-Hungarian empire, if assured that Servian nationality would be respected and such independence accorded as that of Hungary. I asked this hero of the *Dannewerke* what he thought of the defences of Belgrade. His opinion was that modern artillery would soon knock the old fortifications into ruins upon the heads of defenders; yet he admitted that the citadel of Belgrade, standing high upon a point between two rivers, over-

looking plains of vast extent, had a natural position of great strength.

But the Eastern question, difficult as it is upon the Danube, is not less so around the Golden Horn. According to their lights, diplomatists will answer it by reflecting on the assertion of Fuad. Are the Turks "the best police of the Bosphorus"? We have the historical memory of Lord Russell for authority in saying that the emperor Nicholas once stated to Prince Metternich that he no longer wished to obtain Constantinople for himself; that he was quite ready to see it placed under the emperor of Austria, as a sovereign in whom he could confide. The tsar was probably dissembling; he dare not consent before his people to the replacement of the cross upon Santa Sophia by a prince of the Western Church. Those four cherubim in that grand temple, made headless by order of the Koran—who is to re-crown with human faces their ancient wings which encircle the noble cupola, and to throw down the meaningless rosettes which Islam has substituted? Who shall trace again in glaring gold those crosses upon the walls, which ages of Mahomedan occupation have not entirely obliterated? Who shall readjust the theological compass in this evidently Christian church, of which the orientation towards Jerusalem is so faulty in the eyes of Islam, that the indications of the direction of Mecca stand askew, and the long lines of the vast carpets at unpleasant variance with those of the floor? Constantinople is like no other city; it occupies a peculiar position of command. The naval strength of the power which holds Constantinople must needs be great; but if to the belligerent advantages of the position were added the maritime skill of the northern provinces of Russia and their product of iron, our road to India might be insecure. Such geographical problems cannot be solved by rude conquest or by the maintenance of a government which has not true allegiance from the people. I once asked Mr. J. S. Mill, with reference to the opposite end of the Mediterranean, what course he would be disposed to advise in the case of Gibraltar. He thought that the exclusive occupation of this natural stronghold by the British, was unjustifiable in its cost to this country, and in the offence it gave to the Spanish nation. His opinion was that places of this sort should be occupied by a small and mixed garrison, with no array of guns, their neutrality being guaranteed in the strongest possible manner.

The general conception of the material interests of the English, has led the government of this country to sustain the Turkish power; and in spite of repudiation, alike of political and financial promises, that policy appears still to be the most popular. England will condone all the vagaries of the session, because of Lord Derby's refusal to endorse the Berlin Note. Lord Derby is following the motto of his family. "*Sans changer*," we may read in his speech of 1868 his policy in 1876. In the former year, he said of Turkey in Europe:—

Trouble is gathering there. It may come quickly or it may be deferred for years; but come it probably will. Now that is a state of things to which we ought not to shut our eyes. Fifteen years ago we refused to see in time what was then obviously impending, and the result was that to everybody's dissatisfaction we drifted (it was a very happy phrase) into the Crimean War. I do not think that the dangers which threaten the Turkish empire arise from the same cause now as then. It is rather internal than external peril by which that empire is threatened. No foreign alliance, no European guarantee, can protect a government against financial collapse or against rebellion in its own provinces. In these matters every country must be left to work out its own destiny. But it does not the less follow that the weakness of a great State is a misfortune to all the world, and a misfortune I think even to those races which do not and cannot sympathize very warmly with its own. An indifferent government is better than none. And if I could venture to hope that any words of mine, whether uttered here or elsewhere, would reach those Christian populations of the East, with whom I sincerely sympathize, I should say to them, "Your aspirations may be natural, but remember this—that anarchy is not progress, and that it is not wise to pull down that for which you have not provided any substitute."*

We shall certainly not repeat all the errors of past times. The sultan is not so respectable a power as he was thought to be three hundred years ago, when Queen Elizabeth was advised, in writing to the "Prince of Believers," to style herself the "Defender of the Faith against other Christian idolaters." The empress of India, with all her religious difficulties, will make no such mistake. Our government will not—openly at least—treat Turkey as a defaulting debtor. The words of the Foreign Office in 1871, are

very instructive upon that point. Mr. Hammond was then directed to write that "forcible measures, if adopted towards small States, which for the most part are the ones complained of, would subject this country to grievous imputations." We can, if France be with us, or neutral, stop the way even of the allied emperors into Turkey by the Black Sea, and Russia cannot safely pass through Roumania without leave from Germany. But we must remember that if the three emperors, already partners in a similar work, are agreed upon a joint operation in Turkey, they have abundant power to execute their design. Lord Derby's policy has appeared most successful; circumstances helped it, and gave a diplomatic triumph to the British government. But if this policy, and the language with which it has been explained and supported by the English press, should, as is not unlikely, strengthen the three emperors in their resolve to act together, it will afford them legitimate ground for disclaiming the concurrence of England. Russia may have arranged with Germany for the re-cession of her territory in Bessarabia, and Prince Charles be prepared to surrender the land which was added to Moldavia by the Treaty of Paris. Englishmen should bear in mind the experience of the Foreign Office in 1863, when England addressed Russia and Prussia concerning the ferocious tyranny with which Mouravieff was then suppressing insurrection in Poland. Prince Gortschakoff professed the readiness of his government to discuss the subject, but only with the two copartitioning powers, and at last haughtily stated that England had no right of interference with the domestic affairs of the Russian empire—a reply with which we had to rest content. We seem once more to be committing ourselves to the maintenance of a government, the supremacy of which can less easily be justified than that of the fallen governments of Bourbon Naples and of Papal Rome—not because England admires the Sublime Porte, the existence of which has probably cost her in expenditure and bad investments about £10,000,000 a year since 1854; but because, owing to the policy of Russia, England believes the Turks to be "the best police of the Bosphorus." We must defer the consideration of the separate circumstances of Russia.

* Lord Stanley at Lynn, 14th November, 1868.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

From Good Words.
WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CLEM AND LIZZIE'S DEAD SECRET.

CLEM was much impressed by what Joel had said. Not only so; Clem's wits were sharpened to a remarkable degree.

Within one hour of separating from Joel Wray, he burst into his sister Lizzie's workroom.

"Hey, Liz! put by them rags!" he cried, rushing in, as Lizzie, by the aid of her tallow candle, was collecting her snips and patches after having laid aside her seam with the waning light.

"Have a care, bor. You be treadin' on Lyddy Coram's new gown tail, and your feet be out on the wussest puddles, it's like," protested Lizzie.

"Lyddy Coram's gown tail be hanged," said Clem, in a strange fit of insubordination. "I say, Liz, you'll soon 'a toggery enow to stitch at. I 'a heerd sich news as will make all Saxford ring. Your frien' Madam—wool, her d' be as good as married to Joel Wray."

"You be 'nt meanin' on it, Clem," said Lizzie, her small, pale face becoming painfully red, and then whiter than before. "You d' be funnin' a bit, and it d' be main silly kind on funnin' for a big lad like you, a-startin' me, and a-makin' my heart jump like a toad i' hole."

"But it be right down truth and gospel, Liz. Joel Wray, he as good as owned it to me this very night. He were that happy he couldn't sit lone, he 'ould 'a bustet. He mun 'a music like kings in Bible, so he sen's for me. He sen's to the Brown Cow, where he sits hisself, leastways there was nobry else but Jenny Woods, and news come out in music."

Liz still refused to believe the astonishing tidings.

"Pleasance 'ould never be so far left to herself as to prefer a whippersnapper wagabond lad like yon," she cried, springing back to her original opinion of Joel Wray, "never, never."

"Tut, Liz! every mawther ain't love-sick about 'Merican giants," said Clem, without meaning to be unkind in his jeer, "and at the least as is thought on him, Joel Wray d' be a very smart young town chap, as all the gals in the place 'cept you, what grovels—and gets no thanks for it—at owd Dick's feet, 'ud give their ears for."

"Lor 'a mussy, what will Dick do if so be you speak true? You 'ould never go for to deceive me when you see I do take it so to heart," urged Lizzie, wringing her hands at the thought of Long Dick's desolation, and yet in the midst of her staunch fidelity feeling the faintest flutter of personal hope awake and stir in her heart.

"Mor, you may get him yoursen yet," said Clem, "if so be he don't take to drinkin' like a fish, and fallin' into a ditch or summat. You 'ummen d' be sich fools," he went on, thrusting his hands into his pockets with an air of pitying superiority, "to think any man-jack alive sich a precious prize."

"Say it again, like a lad," said Lizzie, soft and low, her little wan face appearing to become all eyes,— "that I may get him yet! You be the fust as has said it, and it do sound kinder lucky, it do. Say it again, Clem, and I'll be owin' you summat, whatever you sets your heart on as I can get for you."

"You be fair crazy about Long Dick," said Clem, impatiently dismissing the endless subject, "and it weren't him I came to speak about. It were Joel Wray as I were a-thinkin' and a-wantin' to tell you on."

"And whatten is there in Joel Wray, if you please, as is so worthy of bein' spoke on?" asked Lizzie.

"There's a heap in Joel Wray," replied Clem promptly. "Hearken till me; he 'a promised to len' me money to go to music-school in Lunnon. Now, what do 'ee think on that?" asked Clem triumphantly.

"I just think that Joel Wray d' be one on the biggest braggers out, and he'll bring poor misguided Pleasance to sorer, sure's fate," said Liz disdainfully. "Where be he to get money to len' you? he as is no better'n a day's-man, and a-marryin' on Pleasance on her tidy bit money, if so be he d' be marryin' on she? I won'er you can be sich a gander, Clem, as to be led by the beak of a rogue. Bor! he mun be a rubber in disguise if he 'a a shillin' to len' you."

"Not a rubber, Liz. St! st! lass," he said, as if to warn breathlessly an offending dog. "What 'ould you say to a gentleman, a lor' like, in disguise?"

"A lor' a day's-man! a lor', Joel Wray, as 'a wrought the 'arvest, and lodged with Phillis Plum, and rowed with me in t' boat on t' Broad! who do be mad now, Clem?"

"St! st! I tell 'ee, Liz; it do be a dead secret," said the boy, in his excitement sitting down on the table, both him and Lizzie so engrossed that they forgot how

many boddices and sleeves he crushed by his weight. "I 'a heerd and seed summat as I never put together till this night. What do Ned up at t' manor call Joel ahind his back, for nickname, but 'gentleman Joel'?"

"That d' be little to go on," said Lizzie.

"But why do Ned give Joel that 'ere name?" went on Clem, with the pertinacity of a slow mind which, having caught an idea, will not let it drop; "because Ned, he says Joel be 'nation nice in some things, though he d' be easy-goin' enough in others; and owd Phillis, she says he be 'nation nice in some things, she says. He mun wash arter's work, face and hands and all, be it noon or night; and he d' have a brush for 's teeth as well as a brush for 's hair, in a case sich as Madam bought at Cheam, and gev you for your needles and scissors and tapes and buttons and that," explained Clem, looking round at the objects specified.

"A brush for 's teeth, think on thatten! Wool, it do sound summat," admitted Lizzie. "I 'a heerd tell that all gentle-folks d' go a brussin' away on their teeth every live day, though it d' soun' nonsense waste on time. I 'a seed Pleasance a-doin' on it, when I were bidin' the night at the farm, and her said, in excuse like, her 'ad learnt when she were young, and were at a boardin'-school a-bringin' up for a lady. It were like an ill lesson her could not leave off and feel comfortable athout. But he d' be the impidentist dand, yon Joel Wray, as ever breathed, though he d' be a brave lad likewise, I ain't denyin' on it," she owned, in a lower tone, recollecting all at once the obligation she had lain under to Joel Wray's bravery, and softening a little under the recollection. "He may 'a brush for 's teeth, just because, it d' be heady and uppish. Arter all, it d' be but a small mark that he is a lor', a black spankin' little chap like he."

"But lor's do not go by lumps, and I 'a not heerd that they were fairer than their neighbors. Look yer how he lived on at Cheam," Clem continued to deliver his testimony, not sensibly shaken by Lizzie's doubts, "and he were not livin' with owd granny; he were allers puttin' up at Ship Ahoy, as if charge for wittles and bed were aneath his countin'. There was word goin' that summat were forked out by somebody for the better beryin' on them drowneded furrin' sailors when he walked at the ber'al. Folk were astin' how did he get the rock-yets when Long

Dick failed, and whatten queer customer for a for'ard day's-man and laborer were he. Were it a wayger, or what? He did not quit the town too soon, for it were gettin' too hot for he."

"And what for didn't 'ee tell us all these wonderful stories when you come from Cheam afore en?" inquired Lizzie, suspiciously.

"It were none on my business," said Clem, stoutly. "I were full on a new variation on the 'Armonious Blacksmith' — to think that there d' be sich a tune with sich a name, as if it were made for me! — as I 'ad got paper and line and bar for, and as I 'ad bought and paid for, off my odd 'arvest earnin's. I 'ad no time to spare for idle mawther stories, until t' night when Joel Wray he sought me out, he did, and spoke on the music-school, and his friend as 'ad a word to say in it."

"Wool, it 'ould be a rare tale an' it were true," said Lizzie, cautiously, yet drawing a long breath as if she were at last taking it in with the dear delight of women of all ranks in a romantic mystery. "It 'ould make a great differ to Long Dick, for Pleasance she d' be gentle born and bred, a kind on stook lady; and it stands to nature, her half belongs to gentlefolks, and if sich come arter her in the guise on day's-man, or cowman, or thatten, he d' be bound to win her — a common man, be he far besser'n t'other 'ould never 'a no chance in that case. But I take it ookind in Pleasance," added Lizzie, after a moment's thought, "never to 'a breathed a word on her secret to me."

"Mind, Liz, it d' be a dead secret as I 'a telled 'ee, and you are not to go for to gabble it to Pleasance nor nobry," urged Clem.

"I'll not go near Pleasance to speak to she on what she 'a not thought fit to speak to me on," said Lizzie, taking her stand on the dignity of friendship and believing in an offence committed.

"Nor to nobry," Clem reiterated, making assurance doubly sure; "you and me 'a been jolly thick together along on not sailin' in the same boat with the rest. But we'll not be thick — not no more, Liz; nor will I give you another secret if you go a tellin' tales and chatterin' on what may cost me my guv'nor's favor and a rise in life."

Lizzie extended her promise reluctantly — and not without being guilty of a mental reservation in favor of Long Dick.

CHAPTER XXV.

LONG DICK GOES LIKE A MAN. — LIZZIE
FOLLOWS LIKE A SQUAW OR A DOG.

THE ordeal which Pleasance dreaded, yet which she was fain to wish, sighingly, were over, was at hand.

Long Dick had been apprised by Mrs. Balls that the die was cast — he had lost Pleasance. There was nothing remaining for him but to have it out with Pleasance — to speak his mind to her, and then — why then, the deluge! He should turn his back forever on Saxford and Manor Farm. He did not care what became of him afterwards.

There had been a great clothes-washing at the manor-house. The linen had been spread out to dry on one of the neighboring hedges. The day had been fair, with both sun and wind, and the drying process had been successful. Pleasance was removing the clothes, fresh, stiff, and white, in a basket, when Long Dick seized his opportunity. Leaving his plough in a furrow and his friends the horses to take care of themselves, he came up in the honest afternoon light to say his say and take his leave of Pleasance.

She saw him coming, detected the black cloud on his face, and her heart fell, so that she nearly dropped her basket and its contents on the earth.

"Pleasance," he said gloomily, "I could not speak up for mysen from the fust, and there is less need on speakin' now. I 'a nowt to ask, nowt to complain on like a babby, for if I cannot fight, I wunno make a moan. I knowed what were comin' from the fust. I 'ould 'a helped it an I could, but I couldn't, and so there's nor'n left for me but to go, as it's all over with me."

"Don't say that, Dick," implored Pleasance, "you've no great loss."

"I 'a lost my gal, though it's the fust time I 'a plucked up spirit to call her that. Sombry else 'a gone boldly in where I stood, on t' door step, in the cowl outside. But, dang it, if I 'ad to do it again it 'ould be just the same thing, so it d' seem 'appiness were not for me."

"Dear Dick! old friend," said Pleasance, "don't take on so. Only have patience, and you will find some other girl of whom you are worthy, who will be more like you, and make you far happier than ever I could have done."

"No, you 'ont make that out though you speak till doomsday," said Dick doggedly, "and though you cosset me ever so: 'ummen 'a cossetin' ways when they means least by en," he observed a little bitterly;

"but I dunno blame en, it bein' their nature as it is on colts to skit. There's nowt but to go. I 'a not opened my mouth afore, and I'll not open it now on'y to bid you a long farewell."

"But must you go, Dick?" entreated Pleasance, sorrowfully, "from your horses, and fields, and people, where you are doing so well? Indeed, I did not mean to deceive you."

"Nobry's a-sayin' you deceived," said Dick, a little irritably, "an't I said I stood back and let another walk in, and I can't blame 'ee? I 'ould rather suffer it twice over than 'a you 'fyled by dirt cast at you — you as I 'a held a hangel. Wool, wool, it's but me as is felled, and I'm a hox on a feller as can stand a blow or tew," and Dick laughed a sore laugh.

"We might be friends still," said Pleasance longingly, "when you and he are friends already."

"Oh! dang him and his friendship," said Dick savagely.

"Dick!" cried Pleasance, becoming on the instant severe, "I did not think that you would speak like this — to me of all people. Remember that it is not his fault that you cared for me first. Remember how he saved your life."

"Give me patience," groaned Dick, "as if I were like to forget thatten! and small thanks to him for it; he 'ad a deal better knocked me on t' head at oncet, than saved my life and took my sweetheart. What do life be worth atout my sweetheart?"

"Oh, Dick, you think too much of a sweetheart," remonstrated Pleasance.

"Do I? Then what 'ould you say to me if I took yourn, though I saved your life into the bargain?" he retorted with a sneer.

"Dick, Dick, don't speak like that!" said Pleasance, paling a little; "but nothing you say will make me mistake or mistrust you."

"You're right there, Pleasance," said the giant, more gently, if with a heavy sigh, "an't I said — not oncet, but over and over, that I be'nt complainin' like a babby, nor blamin' nobry in petickler — not even an owd stoopid oaf with the strength of a hox and the wit of a hen, and no more pluck nor a sheep or hare — though yon chap comed here and comed atween you and me. Dunno deny it," he cried again; "you cannot deny it, Pleasance, that if sich a hoily-tongued, rovin' blade, with his head stuffed with know on the town and book-know, as carried off his sarce, 'adn't been to the fore, and stepped in, and winged my bird in a jiffy, I 'ad a chance. It might

'a been poor, but still it was a chance as I 'ould give all I 'ad to preserve, as I 'ould give my life to fetch back an it might be."

"I dont deny what might have been," she said, gravely, looking down; "I did—I do think kindly of you, and I value, as I have always valued, your kindness for me. But, Dick, I must say it, you could not have been to me—and it is no fault to you to own it—what he is; and although you and I had tried to do our best by each other, still there could not have been great happiness between a couple not fairly mated. We might have found that out too late; oh! Dick, don't grudge that we have found it out in time."

"I do groodge, I mun groodge you and my shadder on 'appiness to my dynin' day," said Dick, with an odd mixture of passion and tenderness; "but I 'ont pay it back on him, I 'ont, for your sake, or, for that matter, for hisn. I ain't denyin' he were above-board from the fust moment that he were a-makin' up to you. Set 'en up! a stook mechanic! a day's-man! He's a bit light o' the head he is, with all his know, and he d' want ballast, that is the wuss'n I knows on en. But he's been in luck, and a 'umman like you may 'old him straight. I ain't castin' dirt at he, nudder, because he's your choice. 'Leave her free,' says he; and I 'a left you free, an't I, Pleasance?"

"Yes, you have, Dick, you have behaved like a man; ah! don't spoil it all now."

"Wool, it is just not to spile it that I goes my way. I be'nt oonreasonable, Pleasance, no more'n peevish, but do 'ee or do he think I can stay on here and see my lot in his lap, and mine as emp'y as an owd ha'nted 'ouse, as'll never more be occypied, never? I could not bide it, Pleasance, I tell 'ee plain I 'ould make a beast on myself and go to the dawgs at your door, as 'ould cost you pain to see. And some night when t' drink were in and t' sense out, I 'ould lay wiolent hands on him—as I 'ould not harm, not knowin' it this day, along on his bein' your choice, let alone his pullin' me out on t' Broad, though what were that for a favor when I wish I were lyin' with owd Punch I do, this minent? But I might knock the breath out on him, he's none so big, though he d' be cocky, and commit murder and swing for en, and break your heart, afore I could stop. No, I'll leave the coast clear for he, and bailiff may take a fancy to he, as others that I thought wiser'n bailiff 'a took a fancy. I'll go out on your sight and hearin'; I'll put land and sea

atween me and Joel Wray, long afore the day that he can call you 'is wife."

She saw the necessity at last, and appreciated his motives as she did so. "Then go, Dick, if it be better for us all; go for a time, and God bless you. But you can never go out of sight and hearing. We shall seek tidings of you, even if you do not send them to us. You will send word to Lizzie, who is more than a sister to you. You will not be able to help it."

He let himself be touched by her appeal. "Ay, poor Liz, to care for me so much when I could give her so little; but there is a pair on us. She will miss me, and so may Diamon' and Dobbin there," pointing to the plough-horses, "poor owd chaps, with another driver as don't know their ways, though he may be that clever and all the luck hisn—and Applethorpe and Hornie as I 'a reared from calves—and Daisy as I brought out on her dwinin'—and Jowler and Tyke—and the very cocks and hens and pigeons, as knowed my voice, and came flockin' to me when you wasn't about, to be fed. But they are on'y dumb beastes, and will soon take up with another keeper as 'a a more winnin' way with en, besides."

"More will miss you, Dick, who will not forget," said Pleasance in tears. "It is you who will forget that you ever felt forced to leave us, and to go away to the ends of the earth; and you will come back after a while, and we shall be very glad to see you."

He looked wistfully at her, shook his head, and turned on his heel.

Joel would fain have begged Dick's pardon, and sought to comfort him, and to part friends. But Dick shunned Joel to the last moment, when breaking terms, forfeiting his wages, and running the risk of being stopped and prosecuted for breach of engagement, he left within a day's time of his leave-taking of Pleasance.

Pleasance saw him go (for the road from the village to the next railway station was that which passed the manor-house), carrying in a bundle what he meant to take with him on the tramp, having literally changed places with his fortunate rival.

He walked along without looking behind him or to right or left, not even to the manor-house which he was passing close. He held on as if the furies were behind him. Mrs. Balls covered her head with her apron, and filled the air with lamentations and pettish reproaches; but Pleasance stood silent just behind the window-

curtain in order to take her last look of Long Dick.

Her heart was sore, and yet she thought within the moment of Joel Wray, and felt thankful that he was engaged at the opposite extremity of the farm, and so was spared the sorry sight.

But there was somebody who did more than look out at the fugitive from behind a curtain and bewail a hard necessity; somebody who could spare no thought from him even for herself.

On this hazy autumn morning a little crowd of familiar faces had gathered in the village streets—notably at the doors of the Brown Cow and the smithy, where Dick's youth had been reared among his kindred, to watch his departure.

These spectators easily guessed the cause of Dick's sudden abandonment of his post and his friends, and by no means showed the sufferer's forbearance in refraining from blame and from murmurs. Possessed by the scene before them, they gave vent to the violent humor of a mob in loudly accusing Joel Wray and Pleasance of being interlopers—the one a smooth-faced traitor, and the other a double-dyed jilt.

From these abusive groups Lizzie Blennerhasset emerged, half running, half limping after Dick, no one hindering her, not even her father and mother. They stood with the rest to see the end. They not only treated her love-sickness as a real and desperate disease, they acted in regard to it with somewhat of the spirit in which Eastern nations deal with madness, "Let the poor mawther see the last on him, it d' be her due." "Happen, he'll turn and give she another word to keep her poor heart, as 'a been set on en, sin he drew her out on the burnin' smithy when her were a chile. Happen she'll bring him round yet, and get him to give over leavin' his good place and his friends and goin' off like a listed sojer; all for a proud spet'acled jade as 'ouldn't know her own mind, but 'a took up with a idle stranger, which she'll sup sorrow for, and no mistake." "Lor', how the sperit d' carry Liz's lame foot! she be gainin' on he like 't wind."

Like a squaw or a dog, poor Lizzie Blennerhasset followed Long Dick. Her eyes were blind with weeping; her yellow hair was pushed back from her face, pulled about her ears, and hanging down in elf-locks. In the disorder of extreme grief, her trim gown was as untidily put on as any slovenly field-worker's, and the skirt was dragging in the muddy road.

She could hardly have told why she followed her cousin, or whether she had the least hope in doing so. She had already been repulsed by him more than once that morning, in a desperate attempt to break her faith with Clem, and tell their secret, which, if it had any truth in it, might lighten Dick's burden, by making it less galling to the man's vanity and pride.

Dick would not listen to her, or heed her. He treated her words as the wildest tale, put off upon him to hoodwink and disarm him. It even enraged him against Lizzie herself, so that he broke off from her in hot anger, charging her with being in a plot against him, to mock and cheat him.

This was the crowning blow that had sent Lizzie as far beside herself as he was driven desperate. This was the last straw that had broken the long-suffering camel's back. She could not let him go from her thus. She must pursue him, though he should only stay to spurn her as a man will spurn the troublesome, importunate fondness of a dog. She did not mind what people might say; she hardly heeded what he said at last. He was her sun, and she could not let it go down and leave dark night behind, without a dying struggle to keep still in its bright beams.

Lizzie overtook Dick, or rather he heard her voice crying after him, and obeying reluctantly an old obligation, even in his baneful excitement, he slackened his pace till she came up to him, just at the corner where the road was about to lose sight of the yellow gables and thatch roof of the manor.

"Hallo! Liz," he feigned astonishment, "what be you arter? What brings you so far afield?—you as hobbles like a cow as has her best front leg tied to her head to stop her from flingin'?" And he laughed at his comparison.

"Oh yes, Dick, I'd be too cripple to run. It mun 'a been just funny to see me. But I 'a made you laugh, lad—that were one good turn," panted Lizzie, creeping up to him, and looking through her sobs and tears with a faint smile in his face, like a squaw who snatches at a chance of laying the hair of her head beneath the feet of her insolent brave, if that will propitiate him; like a dog when it ventures to wag its tail at the shadow of a sign of grace in the master who is bent on its punishment.

"Go back this minent, Liz," shouted Dick, maddened afresh by the thought of his failure. "Do'ee mean to make me a gazin' stock as well as a laughin' stock to

— thee knows who I mean, Liz — go back when I bid 'ee, or thee may tempt me to lift my hand, and strike 'ee, as are but a frail thing, even for a gal. Leave me alone, Liz."

"Dick, dear Dick," moaned Lizzie, still holding by him, "dunno leave me; strike me,— where be the odds? when I cannot live a-thout you. I'll die if you go. Oh! why should 'ee go for she, Dick, and not stay for me?"

That was a question far beyond Dick's philosophy. All his answer was to drag asunder Lizzie Blennerhasset's arms from clasping him, push her from him, and clearing the hedge at a bound, run across the misty fields to the station.

Lizzie sank on the road, where Pleasance ran out to lift her up. But Lizzie put out her hands, to keep Pleasance off from her, and accused her on the spot — her eyes wild and blazing like Dick's — with being his destroyer.

"You are a false, cruel woman, Pleasance Hatton. You 'a a heart as hard as the nether millstone, and you 'a a light head to match your hard heart. You mun go colouquin' with two lads; and you 'a ruined the best on 'em, the best in the country, and cost me the on'y creature I cared for — him as drew me out on the fire; and I never wish to see your face or speak to you again."

Pleasance drew back in sharp pain, while Lizzie gathered herself up, rejecting all aid, and toiled slowly back to take to her bed, and lie for many a day with her face turned to the wall.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DAYS BEFORE THE MARRIAGE.

PLEASANCE had got over the trial of Long Dick's taking her proposed marriage so much to heart; for word came that he had taken the first opportunity of sailing from Cheam, and had worked his passage out in a ship bound for America.

But why should Pleasance not get over it, when she was young and hopeful? A change of place might even bring a change of mind to Long Dick. When even Mrs. Balls had accepted the situation, and was so far reconciled to it and to Joel Wray, that though she continued shy of him, she was indemnifying herself for the overthrow of her plans by being full of the preparations for her young cousin's marriage — anyhow — to some man — if not to the right man? Mrs. Balls had grown so complacent that she had agreed — Lawyer Lockwood not forbidding the ar-

range — that the young couple should find quarters with her in the ample space of the manor-house where she was still permitted to preside, instead of her going with them to a house in the village.

Mrs. Balls knew it was only a respite, that her work was all but done, and that as Joel, however smart, could never fill Long Dick's place, so his wife would not be chosen as Mrs. Balls's successor. It was a far less "comf'able" settlement than Mrs. Balls had proposed. But even a respite was grateful to the aging woman, who had begun to cease to look forward beyond the next winter or the next summer; and in the mean time she had the glory of knowing that her cousin was soon to be a bride, and of taking the liveliest interest in all the small purchases.

Speak of a bride's pride in her adornment for the great event of her life! Surely it is far exceeded by the pride of an elderly kinswoman, who has never been a bride herself, but who takes her triumph vicariously, and at her ease.

Not merely Mrs. Balls had thawed; the village of Saxford had come round again to be in high good-humor with the two who remained master and mistress of the field. It was not simply that all crowds are fickle, and more or less time-serving. The Saxford population was not so much base as childish. It was that Long Dick, and the sorry spectacle which he had presented when he had withdrawn worsted before his enemies, were out of sight and sound; and in their room, filling the vacant village mind, was the goodly spectacle of Joel Wray and Madam about to celebrate that great festival of life, a wedding for love, a wedding that had not been long a-doing, that had been made up in the midst of the villagers, and before their very eyes as it were, in the brief weeks which intervene between the harvest and the fall.

In this wedding, Pleasance — with regard to whom the natives had shown themselves apt to nourish a rankling suspicion — was appearing a very woman, as headstrong and rash in throwing away herself and her goods, on the impulse of the moment, on a pleasant-tongued stranger, as any Polly, or Car, or Sally among them could have done. And even as one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so the people loved Madam the better because of the fellow-feeling bred of her fallibility.

One or two inveterate growlers, mostly old village inhabitants, to whom the young giant, Long Dick, and his prowess had

seemed to belong, and to lend a source of boasting over Applethorpe and other neighboring villages, would stand a little aloof and mutter about new-fangled people and new-fangled ways; but young Saxford, headed by Clem Blennerhasset, was, to a man and a woman, for the present at least, zealous adherents of Joel and Pleasance. Only Lizzie Blennerhasset lay on her bed, with her face turned to the wall, unable to eat or drink.

Pleasance, without being altogether aware of the amount of condemnation which she had previously incurred, was willing to take the compensation, and pleased to be in harmony with her world. She was too sympathetic not to crave for sympathy, however imperfect, in others; and she had an intuitive perception that Joel Wray was like her in this as in many respects, that if he would not be turned from a purpose by opposition, he would look wistfully after averted hostile faces, and would droop a little in his gladness, because of his fellows' cold dislike.

But these were merely outside matters, the husks of the happiness, the rich essence of which lay safely stored in its kernel, in this heyday of Pleasance's life. After all, she would not have cared so very much more for the revived rudeness of the Saxford villagers, than she cared for the unlucky chance, that her marriage, in place of happening in midsummer, was to occur in chill October.

Instead of the east country looking its best, it was looking its bleakest. The dank white mists rising from its own abundance of broads, rivers, and ditches, hung over it morning and evening. Every flower was either withered, or bleached into a frosted, perishing bloom. The very reeds and rushes were utterly sere, and falling crushed and broken at the slightest touch. The cattle and horses were disappearing from the pastures. The wild foreign birds—tokens of the coming reign of ice and snow in northern regions—were arriving in flocks at Saxford Broad. The last remnant of the lingering autumn gales, bitter and briny on the east coast, brought with it white and grey curfews scudding and flying low before the blast, settling in innumerable white flecks and patches on the pasture and the ploughed land, and adding, in the storm-omen which they presented, to the cheerless aspect of the scene.

Pleasance would have liked, if she could have taken her choice, to be married when the year was young, when flowers were rife, when the days were long

enough for her happiness, and when they closed in such widespread sunset glory as transformed and irradiated the common earth.

But it was a small loss, and Joel shared it with her, nay, improved it by teaching her still better what she knew already of the beauties which are to be found at all seasons. Not to speak of the wild windy grandeur of some of the dark days—there were the exquisite cobweb grace of dewy gossamers hung over grass and hedgerow—the delicate neutral tints of earth and sky when they are at their palest—the silvery light cast by low sunbeams on pollard willows, and on the rank grass by watercourses—and the sweetness of the robin's song when it alone breaks the stillness. Joel returning from his work under the new head man whom the bailiff had put in Long Dick's place, brought Pleasance splendid trailing wreaths of briony with their brilliant berries, late clusters of blackberries, and specimens of fungi that half redeemed their poisonous qualities by their marvellous hues of crimson, gold, straw-color, and ashen grey.

"Rubbishing wares," Mrs. Balls called these offerings; but it was well, she allowed, since matters had taken the turn and gone the length they had, that Pleasance could please herself with "sich dirt."

And Pleasance did please herself. She named the dirt treasure, and valued it above the lilies and roses which she missed, above the pearls and diamonds that she had never known. She looked forward to sharing the next summer in closest companionship with Joel. And in the interval what long, happy winter evenings the two should spend, with Mrs. Balls dozing peacefully in the chimney-corner, and Joel never too wearied by his work to be unable to talk, and who talked like Joel? As she worked then he would read to her from her books, or from new books which their united wages might warrant them in buying.

How could Pleasance find leisure or inclination to mourn too persistently for the rough jewel, Long Dick? How could she keep up a vexatious struggle with the unkind resentment of Lizzie Blennerhasset at this epoch of her history? She was better employed with the preparations for her marriage, notwithstanding that these were greatly simplified by having no house to take and furnish. They were kept within the compass of the village where Pleasance bought such additional supplies to her wardrobe as she judged fit, at Mrs.

Grayling's, whose shop had been the first house she had entered in Saxford.

Pleasance had a dim sense as of the shadow of Anne standing beside her, watching over her with sweet human interest still. Would Anne in the spirit blame this conclusive step by which Pleasance fulfilled her descent in worldly rank, and linked her fortunes to those of a working-man?

Ah, no! Anne was raised far above worldly distinctions, and knew far better now. Even before she died, she had said with her last breath that the sisters might have been happy together if they had but been content with the commonest and — just because they are the commonest — the best gifts of God our Father to his human children — with the love of each other, with youth, health, the blue sky above their heads, and the green earth beneath their feet.

As for Mrs. Grayling, she remarked in that lady's peculiar fashion, "Be you come to buy the wedding-gown from me, Pleasance? Wool! I d' be uplifted, surely, seein' I thought that along on your flyin' so 'igh in your matin', you 'ould look clean over t' top on my poor shop, that you 'ould 'a silks and welwets from Cheam, or Norwich, or Lunnon die-rect."

Mrs. Grayling's observation was not made with the least reference to Clem and Lizzie Blennerhasset's secret. Clem in his caution had not extended his confidence or sought sympathy from those better able to bestow it than poor Lizzie proved herself nowadays. Neither had Mrs. Grayling any suspicion of her own, by which her natural unaided sagacity had enabled her to get at once to the bottom of what mystery there was to penetrate. Her comment was no more than her sardonic mode of expressing her opinion that Pleasance was making about the poorest marriage in her power, and that was saying a good deal.

But Pleasance was used to the trick of speech, and did not mind it. She rather liked it indeed as being racy, if not bland, and was stirred by it to say heartily, holding up her head as she spoke, "Yes, Mrs. Grayling, I have chosen well, so well that I could have dispensed with silks and velvets, even had they been for me."

In reality, Pleasance's preparations, however they might engross her, were very simple, yet they were made not only according to her own somewhat severe taste and judgment, but with a softened reference to that harmless hankering after vanity and gentility which she fancied she

had detected in Joel. She bought no finery, but she added to the white ribbons for her straw bonnet a white gown of no flimsier material than dimity, and made in the plainest manner — since she had all her own way in the making when it was done by herself, after she could no longer command the services of Lizzie Blennerhasset.

"It is like yourself," Joel said, when he was informed of the material of his bride's wedding-gown, showing himself entirely satisfied with her selection. "It is like everything you wear, the right thing in the right place, the proper gown for the morning service in the little village church with the thatch roof; and I take it that is the true art of dressing. A finer gown in such circumstances would only be pretentious and vulgar. I wish I could make as fit a choice. A bridegroom's suit is of little consequence, comparatively, still one would not sure look frightful when one was wed, any more than when one was dead; and I observe working-men are rather fond of making guys of themselves on state occasions," ended Joel in a slightly discontented tone.

"Don't you go and make a guy of yourself," said Pleasance, thinking fondly in her private mind that the bright, expressive face and light, agile figure could not well, in any habiliments, offer the attributes of a guy. "Don't look out for such a cloth coat and sprigged waistcoat as those in which poor old Long Dick" (he was rapidly becoming old to her) "used to disfigure himself. Be yourself and at home, Joel, in your working-clothes. I desire nothing better, I think nothing half so good."

"So be it," he said readily, in spite of his aspirations. "I'm fond of my working-clothes. You have never seen me in any other. They are becoming, ain't they?" he demanded with boyish conceit. "I could not have worn a suit of Poole's to more purpose. Any man who can work should be at home in working-clothes. Any way I'll be myself, you may be sure, every inch of me, to marry you. But you'll have some flowers to wear with your white gown, Pleasance," he said, returning to his sheep, "were it but a sprig of myrtle in your breast. I know of a myrtle-tree from which, if I were only near it, I could get you a whole wreath."

"But what should I do with a wreath?" asked Pleasance, smiling indulgently. "A wreath would not be in my way."

"Well, no, I suppose not, since you are to wear a bonnet," yielded Joel reluctantly.

"Of course I am to wear a bonnet," said Pleasance. "Did you ever hear of a woman like me married in any other head-dress?"

"I don't know what you call 'like you,'" he answered. "I am sure you are good enough to be crowned and veiled."

"Don't flatter," she said, while it was the brightness of her day that it was not flattery on his lips.

"But you must have flowers, Pleasance," he urged, resuming the attack. "Who ever heard of a marriage without flowers?"

"I have," said Pleasance, "many a time. You must be dreaming, Joel. Where are flowers to come from in winter, for working-people? You had better say favors next."

"No, I give up favors, and I can't say I regret them; but we must have flowers. Look here, Pleasance, I'll walk into Cheam the day before, and fetch you some from a florist's shop."

She looked graver. "I am afraid that would belong to extravagance, Joel; it would be a pity for you to be one more whole day off work for such a trifle as flowers." It smote her to throw cold water on his loving gallantry; it tried her to infer that she was wiser than he; but certainly there was slightness in him. Pleasance was not without an instinctive conviction, that, however clever he might be, however gifted with worldly experience, she was older in character. In the years which were to come she must exert her influence over him to steady him, as Long Dick had said she might do, and as her sister Anne had striven to steady her in the far-off childish days.

Joel was only half brought to his senses. "I'll send somebody over to Cheam, if you don't like my going myself. You are fond of flowers, I know."

"Yes, I am fond of flowers," admitted Pleasance cheerfully; "but I like best to look at and leave them growing. I think it is rather a waste and a pity to pull and wear roses and lilies, as the Saxford girls and lads wear them, at church and on holidays, carrying them in their hands, or sticking them into their bands and button-holes, where they wither so soon."

"You speak like a gardener, Pleasance," he said, laughing. "Gardeners always grudge their flowers, because they grudge their trouble in rearing them; but you wish to spare them because you have not had too many of them. What do you think of having plenty of flowers all the year round? How should you like to

have a winter garden like this?" And he began to describe to her one of the most extensive and perfect private winter gardens in England—spacious, blooming galleries and halls, in which the climate of Italy and Egypt prevailed. And as one might have the flowers in the open air in Italy and Egypt during the months of November, December, January, and February, beds of sweet violets, cyclamen, jonquils, anemones, and ranunculus then bordered the pavement. Tuscan roses wreathed the white pillars. Camellias, oleanders, azaleas, and plumbago with lemon and orange trees, and even feathery palms, afforded fragrant foliage.

"It must be like fairy-land, Joel," she said with ready acknowledgment of his eloquence. "Some day you'll take me to visit the queen's garden; or is it a national garden, like those at the Crystal Palace and Kew? But, perhaps, it is a little too much like fairy-land for poor humanity. I cannot think that I should care so much for flowers if I did not have to go without them sometimes. The queen must miss the gladness of picking the first primrose."

"There you are with your philosophy," he cried in pretended impatience, "or is it philosophy or bigoted rusticity and east countrifiedness? No, it is pure pride. I tell you that I am afraid you are very proud, Pleasance."

He had often come over the assertion—almost harping upon it—that she refused to be a lady. And she had always adhered to her opinion, sometimes merrily. Holding up her brown, hardened hands she would inquire were those a lady's hands? She would go on to imagine how they would look if she had to sit with them lying crossed in her lap! But for that matter she was too old a working-woman ever to learn to sit still and idle; she would be always starting up and seeking something to do, taking it out of the servants' hands, upsetting the proprieties, disgracing herself, and disgusting everybody.

But whether merry or grave, she always stuck to her point that she had not the slightest longing or vocation to be a lady, and that nothing would have induced her to become a lady. Then he called her proud, the proudest woman, in her way, that he had ever known or heard of.

This day, for the first time, she took the accusation so far to heart that she put herself to some pains to show that the charge was erroneous. "No, indeed, I never was proud, Joel, not even as a

child. Anne always said I wanted pride. It was Anne, not I, that Miss Cayley took to task for pride. Dear little Anne! she seems so little and so young, though she was my elder sister, to look back upon. It was hard for her, and I am afraid I was small help to her, who had helped me all our short lives. Next Sunday, Joel, you must come with me to her grave, and I shall tell you all that we came through when we were two poor young girls."

Accordingly on the following Sunday afternoon, when the Saxford population were fully engaged watching Host Morse taking his wife for their hebdomadal drive, Pleasance and Joel passed into the little churchyard. In accordance with what existed as a pious custom among the young people of Saxford who were keeping company in the near prospect of marriage, the couple visited together the only grave of their kindred within reach.

The churchyard was deserted for the time. Even the Sunday scholars had been let loose for the day. But though the uneven paths had been frequented by strolling groups of old and young, with neighbors leaning to converse over the crazy tombstones, as if the men and women had no other meeting-place, Joel Wray and Pleasance Hatton, on their particular errand, would have had their privacy treated with unusual respect.

The little mound, beneath which Anne's dust mouldered, had sunk nearly to a level with the ground itself, the scanty grass on it was bleached and withered, as Pleasance stood by it with the man whom she loved and was about to marry at her side, and prepared to tell him the cruel trials which had laid Anne low in the morning of her days.

Pleasance had outgrown some of the bitterness of the old anguish. She had ceased to say that their aunt Mrs. Wyndham had killed her sister. Pleasance had even learnt to apportion, however tenderly, a certain amount of weakness and error as Anne's share. For Pleasance had, in a remarkable degree for a woman, a strong sense of justice.

But in spite of the reservation, Pleasance could not tell how Anne and she had been rejected and thrust out, and how Anne had fallen and died in the first steps of their descent, without growing white, with set face and trembling lips. "It was all because my father made an unequal marriage, Joel," she ended. "You don't wonder that I set little store on his gentle birth, and that I cannot hold with ladies and gentlemen?"

He had been looking at her wistfully.

"I cannot wonder," he said quickly, and then he added, with a bursting heart, "But, oh! how you must have suffered, my darling!"

"It is all over now," she said; "Anne is at rest. I am happy. Let us speak no more of it." And they walked home in silence.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
IN A STUDIO.

Belton. Is this freedom's temple? Is this door its portal? If so, here is a subject for your art. Behold me. I am the Washington of Robert Treat Paine — repulsing with his breast the assaults of the thunder, and conducting "every flash to the deep" with the point of my sword. Listen, —

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts ne'er could rend freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.

Mallett. Bravo! Bravo!

Belton. I have not been able to get those lines out of my mind since you repeated them the other day. I have been reciting them to myself ever since, in a loud, declamatory tone, striking an attitude, and repulsing with my breast the assault of the thunder. Tell me something more about this amazing Paine.

Mallett. After our conversation the other day, on my return home, I refreshed my own memory by reading a biographical sketch of him by his friend Mr. Charles Prentiss; and being in the vein, I then took up the life of Dr. Darwin, the famous poet, written by the scarcely less famous Miss Anna Seward. They amused me so much that I have brought them both down to the studio to read you some choice passages from each.

Belton. Pray do.

Mallett. To begin with Robert Treat Paine. Slightly as you may think of his genius, he was thought to be the great poet of his age in America. Mr. Prentiss says of his poems that "they are the legitimate and indisputable heirs of immortality;" and he boldly prophesies that "he will take his place, not by the courtesy of the coming age, but by the full and consentient suffrage of posterity, on the same

shelf with the prince of English rhyme" — by whom he means, of course, Dryden.

Belton. Does it not make one doubt our own judgment of our contemporaries, when we hear such trumpeting as this about a man whose very name has now passed into oblivion?

Mallett. Ah! you never came in contact with him personally, and you can therefore form little idea of the influence he exerted. Mr. Selfridge, his friend, says of him: "Once engaged he was an electric battery; approach him and he scintillated — touch him and he emitted a blaze."

Belton. What a tremendous fellow, to be sure!

Mallett. This was the judgment formed of his powers, not by common vulgar flatterers, but by men of ability and distinction, such as Mr. Selfridge and Mr. Prentiss, both of whom were men of very considerable power and repute.

Belton. All I can say is that it is simply amazing.

Mallett. Great as the temporary reputation of Paine was in America, the reputation of Dr. Darwin in England was higher and wider. The distinction which he won in his profession of medicine was overshadowed by his fame as a poet; and his admirable medical works were held in far less esteem than the pompous, artificial, and ingeniously absurd poems of "The Botanic Garden," and "The Loves of the Plants," with their gnomes and nymphs and ridiculous impersonations, which were afterwards so admirably travestied by Canning in his "Loves of the Triangles." If anything could be more absurd than the poems themselves in their form, conception, and execution, it would be Miss Seward's criticisms of them. Indeed it is scarcely possible to believe that such a work as her "Life of Dr. Darwin" could have been written in the present century, — its stilted style, its unnatural verbiage, its pompous solemnity, are so out of keeping with our modern habits of thought, feeling, and expression. Let me read you some passages.

"Poetry," says Miss Seward, "has nothing more sublime than this, the picture of a town on fire: —

"From dome to dome, when flames infuriate climb,
Sweep the long street, invest the tower sublime,
Gild the tall vanes amid the astonished night,
And reddening heaven returns the sanguine light;

While with vast strides and bristling hair aloof,

Pale Danger glides along the falling roof;
And giant Terror howling in amaze,
Moves his dark limbs along the lurid blaze.
Nymphs! you first taught the gelid wave to rise,

Hurled in resplendent arches to the skies;
In iron cells condensed the airy spring,
And imp'd the torrent with unfailing wing;
On the fierce flames the stream impetuous falls,

And sudden darkness shrouds the shattered walls;
Steam, smoke, and dust in blended volumes roll,

And night and silence repossess the pole."
There! what do you think of that?

Belton. I feel like giant Terror — I "howl in amaze."

Mallett. I was sure you would be impressed by this. Think of "imping a torrent with unfailing wing," and the "vast strides and bristling hair" of danger, and the "gelid waves" of the fire-engine, "hurled in resplendent arches to the skies." Think of night and silence repossessing the pole like two tame bears. But let me read you now some passages from Miss Seward's "Analysis of the Botanic Garden." "After that landscape of the scene which forms the exordium, the Goddess of Botany descends in gorgeous gaiety."

Belton. "Gorgeous gaiety!" Good heavens!

Mallett. Yes, "gorgeous gaiety;" and she thus makes her appearance, —

She comes, the goddess, through the whispering air,

Bright as the morn descends her blushing car.

"Spring welcomes her with fragrance and with song, and to receive her commission the four elements attend. They are allegorized as gnomes, water-nymphs, and sylphs, and nymphs of fire. Her address to each class and the business she allots to them form the four cantos of the first part of the poem. The ladies of Ignition receive her primal attention."

Belton. No! You have invented that.
Mallett. I could not invent anything half so good. Be patient. "The picture with which her address commences is of consummate brilliance and grace. Behold it, reader, and judge if this praise be too glowing! —

"Nymphs of primeval fire! your vestal train,
Hung with gold tresses o'er the vast inane,
Pierced with your silver shafts the throne of night,

And charmed young nature's opening eyes with light."

Belton. "Vast inane" indeed!

Mallett. Listen, and don't interrupt. "The Darwinian creation which ensues charms us infinitely, even while we recollect the simpler greatness on the page of Moses, and on its sublime paraphrase in the 'Paradise Lost.' The creation in this poem is astronomic, and involves the universe, and as such is of excellence unequalled in its kind, and never to be excelled in the grandeur of its conceptions.

"Let there be light! proclaimed the almighty

Lord,

Astonished Chaos heard the potent word;
Through all his realms the kindling ether
runs,

And the mass starts into a million suns.

Earths round each sun with quick explosions
burst,

And second planets issue from the first;

Bend, as they journey with projectile force,

In bright ellipses their reluctant course.

Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres centres roll,

And form, self-balanced, one revolving whole.

Onward they move amid their bright abode,

Space without bound—the bosom of their
God."

And listen to this commentary: "The word of the Creator setting into instant and universal blaze the ignited particles of Chaos till they burst into countless suns, is an idea sublime in the first degree."

Belton. Sublime indeed! It is more like the fireworks and the girandola of Castel St. Angelo than anything I ever read. What would Dr. Darwin of to-day say to all this? Here is "evolution" with a vengeance! I think it almost unhand-some, after the first Dr. Darwin had so satisfactorily arranged creation in a moment, and astonished Chaos, that his descendant should undertake to "evolve" nature by such tedious processes.

Mallett. Miss Seward continues: "The subsequent comments of the goddess on the powers of the nymphs of fire, introduce pictures of the lightning and the rainbow, the exterior sky, the twilight, the meteor, the aurora borealis—of the planets, the comet, and all the *ethereal blaze* of the universe."

Belton. Comprehensive. Anything else?

Mallett. "She next exhibits her as superintending the subterranean and external volcanoes.

"You from deep cauldrons and unmeasured
caves

Blow flaming airs or pour vitrescent waves;

O'er shining oceans ray volcanic light,

Or hurl innocuous embers through the night."

Belton. Why innocuous?

Mallett. Have you any objection to "innocuous" as a word?

Belton. Does it mean anything?

Mallett. Oh, this is "to consider too curiously." Why should it mean anything? But let me go on. "The goddess proceeds to remind her handmaids of their employments, says they lead their glittering bands around the sinking day, and, when the sun retreats, confine in the folds of air his lingering fires to the cold bosom of earth.

"O'er eve's pale forms diffuse phosphoric
light,

And deck with lambent flames the shrine of
night."

Now mark what Miss Seward says of this. "Surely there cannot be a more beautiful description of a vernal twilight. The phosphorescent quality of the Bolognian stone, Beccari's prismatic shells, and the harp of Memnon, which is recorded to have breathed spontaneous chords when shone upon by the rising sun, are all compared to the glimmerings of the horizon. So, also, the luminous insects, the glow-worm, the fireflies of the tropics, the fabulous *ignis fatuus* and the *Gymnotus electricus*, brought to England from Surinam in South America about the year 1783—a fish whose electric power is a provocation mortal to his enemy. He is compared to the Olympian eagle that bears the lightning in his talons." There! what do you think of that?

Belton. Give me the book. You have invented, at least, a part of it, as you are accustomed to do. I am up to your tricks.

Mallett. No; on my word, I have not interpolated a word. See for yourself.

Belton. I can scarce believe my own eyes. How prettily that bit of information is introduced about the *Gymnotus electricus* brought from Surinam in South America about the year 1783!

Mallett. Shall I go on—or do I bore you?

Belton. Pray go on.

Mallett. "The fourth canto opens with a sunrise and a rainbow, each of Homeric excellency. The Muse of Botany gazes enchanted on the scene, and swells the song of Paphos" (whatever that may happen to be) "to softer chords. Her poet adds,—

"Long aisles of oaks returned the silver sound,
And amorous echoes talked along the ground."

Belton. Beautiful! beautiful!! beautiful!!!

And amorous echoes talked along the ground.

"Amorous echoes!" That is the finest thing I have heard yet.

Mallett. Restrain your enthusiasm. After a short digression, Miss Seward continues: "But to resume the botanic goddess, and her enumeration of the interesting employments of the third class of nymphs, their disposal of those bright waters which make Britain irriguous, verdant, and fertile —"

Belton. Irriguous?

Mallett. Yes, irriguous; and I will, as Bardolph says, "maintain the word with my sword to be a good soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven!" Irriguous, "that is, when a country is, as they say, irriguous, or when a country is being whereby a' may be thought to be irriguous, which is an excellent thing." But to leave Bardolph and go on with Miss Seward — "we find this beautiful couplet in the course of the passage, —

"You with nice ear on tiptoe strains pervade
Dim walks of morn or evening's silent shade."

Belton. "Tiptoe strains" is good.

Mallett. Good? Miss Seward does not only think it good — she cries out in her enthusiasm, "What an exquisite picture!" I shall now only cite one other passage, and then I will lend you the book to read for yourself. And this shall be the description of a simoom — or rather of Simoom — for of course he is personified: —

Arrest Simoom amid his waste of sand,
The poisoned javelin balanced in his hand;
Fierce on blue streams he rides the tainted air,
Points his keen eye and waves his whistling hair;

While, as he turns, the undulating soil
Rolls in red waves and billowy deserts boil.

"This," says Miss Seward, "is a fine picture of the demon of pestilence. The speed of his approach is marked by the strong current of air in which he passed, and by the term 'whistling' as applied to his hair." There, I have done.

Belton. "Points his keen eye, and waves his whistling hair." Magnificent! It's all very well to talk about arresting Simoom — with his keen eye pointed and his whistling hair, while billowy deserts are boiling round you; but I distinctly decline to make the attempt. What a subject for a picture! In fact, what a series of pictures could be made from this work!

Mallett. There is one couplet of Paine's — I am sorry that it is the only one I can bring into definite form out of vague mists of my memory — which is worthy of a

place with some of these. Such as it is I give it you. Some tremendous convulsion of nature is anticipated by him for some purpose, and he closes with these lines, —

And the vast alcove of creation blaze,
Till nature's self the Vandal torch should raise.

Belton. Did you ever read Barlow's "Columbiad," the great epic of the American revolution?

Mallett. All of it? *Gott bewhar!* I have read a good deal of it, however, in pure amusement, but it has all gone out of my memory. But there is no foolishness which is not to be found in verse, and there is no verse so bad that it does not find readers.

Belton. Do you remember in our young days a fellow who called himself the Lynn bard?

Mallett. Perfectly, and he used to wander along the shores of the *πολυφλοισβοιοῦς θαλάσσης*, and wildly gesticulate to the winds and the sea, and wave his whistling hair and point his keen eye, and pour forth his feelings in verse. One of his poems, I remember, commenced thus, —

The moon was rising on the sea,
Round as the fruit of orange tree;
I wandered forth to meet my dear,
And found her sitting right down here.

Belton. And then there was a remarkable Southern poet, over whose verses we used to "laugh consumedly" in our university days.

Mallett. "By cock and pie, sir," I remember him well. He was a tremendous Pistol, who never would "aggravate his choler" in verse, though I daresay he was a quiet peaceable gentleman enough at home and in prose, with a "mellifluous voice," and a "sweet and contagious man, i' faith." A few of his verses still stick in my mind, and I think —

Belton. Let us have them.

Mallett. They are but few; but let us not measure quality by quantity — *numeraur non ponderantur*. They are out of a long wild poem, not destitute of a certain straggling untrained talent, though mixed up with such fustian and folly that we used to roar with laughter over them. Scene, midnight — a wild stormy night — a lover in despair — he goes to the window: —

He raised the lattice, oped the blind,
He looked around, before, behind,
And when he heard the hinges squeak,
He thought it was his Lena's shriek.

• • • • •

For Lena was divinely fair,
But he had swapped her for despair.

Belton. That is a magnificent idea — swapping your lady-love for despair. And skreak is good too — very good. "Good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable."

Mallett. And yet, after all, laugh as we may over these absurdities, there is something melancholy in the thought of the hours, months, and even years, that were spent over these poems — of the hopes, ambitions, which falsely cheered the authors as they wrote — of the amount of talent and toil wasted upon them that was destined never to be rewarded. Even in the midst of our laughter we are almost tempted to weep over these abortive efforts for the immortality of fame. Every jeer of criticism is a deadly stab to hopes that were sweet almost as life — to ambitions which were pure as they were foolish. When this thought comes over one, criticism seems cruel, and our laugh has a Satanic echo.

Belton. Don't get sentimental.

Mallett. Do you remember that absurd statue of Moses that stands over the fountain at the entrance of the Piazza de' Termini?

Belton. Oh, yes! that squat, broad, fierce-looking figure swaddled in heavy draperies, and so stunted that it seems to have no legs.

Mallett. The same. Well, there is a story connected with that, sad enough to make one pause before uttering a savage jeer of criticism. The sculptor, whose very name is fortunately buried in oblivion, was young, enthusiastic, ambitious, and self-reliant; and when the commission to make this statue was given to him, he boasted that he would model a Moses that should entirely eclipse that of Michael Angelo. It was a foolish boast, but he was young and ardent, and let us forgive him his boast. Filled with a noble ambition to excel, he shut himself up in his studio, and labored strenuously and in secret on his work. At last it was finished, and the doors were thrown open to the public. But instead of the full acclaim of fame which he had expected, he only heard reverberating from all sides cries of derision and scorn, and, driven to desperation and madness by this cruel shattering of all his hopes, he rushed to the Tiber and drowned himself.

Belton. So much the better, perhaps. We have probably been saved some very bad statues; and we have more than enough of these already.

Mallett. Don't sneer at him. Nothing is so easy as to sneer. I call this only sad, and all the more sad because the artist really had talent and power. Absurd in many respects as this statue is, it shows vigor and purpose. It does not sin on the side of weakness, but of exaggeration; and time and study would probably have tamed him down to truth and nature. But the blow was too sudden, and he fell beneath it.

Belton. 'Tis as Ulysses says, —

No man is the lord of anything,
Though in and of him there be much consist-
ing,

Till he communicate his parts to others.

Nor doth he in himself know them for aught

Till he behold them formed in the applause

Where they're extended — which, like an
arch, reverberates

The voice again, or, like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat.

Mallett. And when that arch reverberates only the cries of scorn, what wonder that a sensitive mind goes mad?

Belton. I believe that to most authors censure gives more pain than praise does pleasure. The arrow of fault-finding has a poisonous barb that rankles in the wound it makes. One would have thought that Voltaire had a rhinoceros epidermis in such matters — that, scorner and bitter critic as he was himself, he would have accepted criticism on his own works at least with calmness; but Madame de Graffigny says of him that he "was altogether indifferent to praise, while the least word from his enemies drove him crazy." Take again, among many others who might be mentioned, Sir Walter Scott. He tells us that he made it a rule never to read an attack upon himself; and Captain Hall, quoting this statement, adds: "Praise, he says, gives him no pleasure, and censure annoys him." I have known several distinguished authors in our own day who refused to read any criticisms, favorable or otherwise, of their works; and one who always fled the country when publishing a book.

Mallett. Criticism is not certainly like

the bat of Indian brakes,
Whose pinions fan the wound it makes;
And soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
It sucks the life-blood from his vein.

You cannot expect any one to relish attacks on his works, or criticism and fault-finding, however just. Sir Walter found probably that censure of his writings,

while it gave him pain, did him no good, as it always came too late. 'This with him, as with many others, did not arise from any self-sufficiency, or over-estimate of himself and of what he had achieved. In the introduction to "The Lady of the Lake" he says: "As the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to his late Majesty, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite; so can I with honest truth exculpate myself from ever having been a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million."

Belton. Still a man must believe in himself, or he will do nothing great. If he had no faith in his work, there would be no sufficient spur and motive to do it.

Mallett. While we are doing it, yes; but after it is done, no. One might as well fall in love with one's own face, as with one's own work. It is astonishing, after it is done, how flat, tame, and unsatisfactory seem those passages which in the writing seemed so lively, spirited, and clever. There is always a terrible back-water after a thing is done.

Belton. Perhaps. Yet authors generally seem to be amazingly fond of their own works. As long as you praise them, they pretend to be modest; but attack them, and they will start up to prove that the very defects you point out constitute their greatest merits.

Mallett. What a wonderful worker Scott was! In quantity, to say nothing of quality, I know of no English writer of his time who can be compared with him; though in later days others have equalled him in the number of their works. He wrote, if I remember right, some ninety volumes. Of these, forty-eight volumes of novels, and twenty-one of history and biography, were produced between 1814 and 1831, or in about seventeen years; which alone would give an average of four volumes a year, or one for every three months. But, besides these, he had already written twenty-one volumes of poetry and prose, which had been previously published. And all this was done with an ease which seems astonishing, leaving him time to devote himself to society and all sorts of other occupations. That marvelous hand was never weary. The stream of fancy and invention never ran dry. Temporary disease did not check his inspiration, and one of his most striking works—one indeed in which he touched perhaps the highest point of his genius, "The Bride of Lammermoor"—was dictated from a bed of sickness. Not until paralysis had

struck him down, and the hand of death was on him, did that pen, which had so long enchanted the world, drop from his hand. And what a loss he was! What possibilities of joy and delight and feeling died with him, when the splendid light of his genius, which had so long shed its glory on Scotland, dropped below the horizon! But go where you will in that romantic land, his genius still irradiates it. There is scarcely a rock, or a crag, or a lake, a city, a town, or a village, where his ideal creations do not live and walk and breathe, more real than the actual men and women who tread the streets, or climb the fastnesses, or trample upon the heath of Scotland.

Belton. I am glad to hear you speak with such enthusiasm of him. It is the fashion, I fear, now to rank him in literature far lower than he deserves:—

So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time.
One fire drives out one fire, one nail one nail.

When he wrote he was almost alone in the field. But literature has since swarmed with novelists, and tastes have changed.

Mallett. I don't know that they have altogether changed for the better. Where is the "great magician" to take his place? For great magician he was; and out of the realms of history and of ideal regions beyond our ken, he had the art to evoke beings of the past, and of the imagination, with whom to delight us. Over all the scenery of Scotland he threw a veil of poetic enchantment. He amused us with his rich humor, he excited us with thrilling incidents, he painted with equal facility the days of chivalry and the common life of the people of his day. Some of the characters he drew are living portraits, drawn with wonderful truth to nature. What can be more admirable in drawing than Andrew Fairservice, Edie Ochiltree, Caleb Balderstone, the antiquary Monk-barns, Dugald Dalgetty, Mause and Cud-die Headrigg, and a score of others in his comic gallery? What more touching and simple than Jeannie Deans? What more romantic than the Master of Ravenswood? What more fanatically powerful than Bal-four of Burley? In his female heroines he was less successful; and it is only exceptionally that he gives us such spirited sketches as Di Vernon and Rebecca. But in his secondary female characters he is admirable, and in many of his men masterly. To me one of the most remarkable figures he ever drew was that of Cona-char. Nothing could be more difficult

than to provoke at once pity, contempt, and sympathy for a coward. Yet he has successfully achieved this feat; and, as far as I can recollect, it is the sole instance in English literature where such an attempt was ever made. More than this, he has drawn two cowards in this remarkable novel — each quite different from the other, and contrasted with eminent skill — the comic, swaggering, good-natured, fussy little coward, Oliver Proudfoot, who provokes a perpetual smile; and the sullen, irritable, proud, and revengeful coward Conachar, whom we cannot but pity, while we despise him. "The Fair Maid of Perth" was always a favorite of mine. It has perhaps more variety of interest, incident, and characters than any he ever wrote, and it never flags. Think of Ramorny, Rothesay, and Bonthron; the sturdy smith, and his comic reflection Proudfoot; Dwining the physician; Simon Glover the plain burgess; Conachar the apprentice and the chief of his clan, and his heroic foster-father, who was ready to sacrifice life, family, everything for his weak-hearted foster-son. Think of the gay morrice-dancers, the riot and recklessness of the duke and his boon companions, the darkened chamber of the mutilated Ramorny, and his grim interview with Rothesay and Dwining, the glee-woman at the castle, and the troubles of the honest and fiery smith, the pathetic death of the young prince, and the silence and horror that is thrown over it, and the exciting, vivid, and bloody fray of the clan Chattan and the clan Quhele, which is epic in its character. What variety, what interest, what excitement, there is throughout!

Belton. This novel was a favorite also of Goethe, which it may give you satisfaction to know; but I do not think ordinarily that it is reckoned one of Scott's best novels.

Mallett. Tastes differ. I only speak for myself. I always read it with pleasure.

Belton. You were speaking of the wonderful fertility of his genius, and of the amount of work he did. It is indeed surprising; but in quantity he cannot compare with Lope de Vega, who, I fancy, is the most voluminous of all writers, and whose fertility of creation and ease of execution seems simply marvellous. He left, it is said, no less than twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses in print, besides a mass of MSS. According to the account of Montalvan, himself a voluminous writer and the intimate friend of De Vega, he furnished the theatre with eighteen hundred regular plays, and four

hundred *autos* or religious dramas. He himself states that he composed more than one hundred comedies in the almost incredibly short space of twenty-four hours each, each comedy averaging between two and three thousand verses, a great part of them rhymed and interspersed with sonnets and difficult forms of versification. One would suppose that this was enough for any man to do; but besides this his time was occupied by various other occupations than writing. Nor did he break down under this labor; on the contrary, he lived to a good old age, dying when he was seventy-two, and thoroughly enjoying life. Supposing him to have given fifty years of his life to composition alone, he must have averaged a play a week, without taking into consideration twenty-one volumes quarto, seven miscellaneous works including five epics, all of which are in print.

Mallett. The quantity is overpowering; but the quality, how is that?

Belton. Remarkably good, considering the quantity. They had great success when they were written, though tastes have changed, and only very few of them still keep possession of the stage in Spain. Montalvan tells rather an amusing story about one of these plays. It seems that he himself once undertook, in connection with Lope, to furnish the theatre with a comedy at very short notice: accordingly he rose at two o'clock in the morning in order to get through with his half of the play, and by eleven o'clock he had completed it. When one considers that a play ordinarily covered from thirty to forty pages, each of one hundred lines, this seems an extraordinary feat in itself, exhibiting at least immense facility. Six lines a minute is about as fast as one can easily write, merely mechanically; and to achieve this feat, Montalvan must have averaged this number every minute for nine hours, with no pause for invention or hesitation. Having finished his work, he went down to walk in the garden, and there found his brother poet Lope pruning an orange-tree. "Well, how did you get on?" said he. "Very well," answered Lope; "I rose early, at about five, and after I had finished my work I ate my breakfast; since then I have written a letter of fifty triplets, and watered the whole garden, which has tired me a good deal." What do you say to that?

Mallett. I don't believe it: I don't think merely mechanically it would be possible. This would have required him to write nine lines a minute, and there are

very few persons who can copy five lines, though word for word it be read out to them, in that space of time. I write very fast, and it takes me that time to write seven — I have tried it.

Belton. I merely repeat the story of Montalvan: and I suppose many of the lines are very short; he may have used short-hand.

Mallett. That alone could in my belief have made it possible. Such excessive production must, however, lead to mannerism and repetition. The mind requires fallow times of leisure between its harvests. The stream finally runs shallow if too much be constantly drawn from it.

Belton. One cannot give absolute rules in such cases. Genius is with some a perennial spring, which never runs dry; with others it is a petroleum well, which suddenly goes out; but with the highest minds it is like a light which is not spent with giving.

Mallett. A bad comparison, for the light itself consumes the candle.

Belton. As the mind consumes the flesh, but not itself. But since you object to my figures of speech, let me call in Shakespeare to help me: —

Our poesy is as a gum which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished: the fire in the
flint
Shows not till it be struck; *our* gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.

Shallow minds fall soon into mannerism, but great minds are not to be bounded by old limits. They overflow their banks in times of fulness, and go ever on, enlarging and deepening their currents. Besides, does not one's mind strengthen as much as one's muscles by constant practice? Does not lying fallow often mean merely being idle? Does not mannerism arise rather from laziness of purpose than limitation of faculties? Of course one cannot be original to order—even to one's own order; but does doing nothing for a time help us?

Mallett. I have no doubt it does. Does it not strengthen one to sleep?

Belton. I was struck the other day in reading Goethe's essay on "Ancient and Modern," by his deliberate confession that he likes mannerists, and is pleased with the possession of their works. He places Raffaele above Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, and values his facility above all their great qualities. After strenuously praising the school of the Caracci, which, by almost universal

consent, is placed in the second rank, and regarded as academical in its character, and wanting the highest inspiration of art, he says: "Here was a grand work of talent, earnestness, industry, and consecutive advantages. Here was an element for the natural and artistic development of admirable powers. We see whole dozens of excellent artists produced by it, each practising and cultivating his peculiar talent according to the same general idea; so that it seems hardly possible that after-times should produce anything similar." He then proceeds to exalt Rubens and the "crowd of Dutch painters of the seventeenth century," and the "incredible sagacity with which their eye pierced into nature, and the facility with which they succeeded in expressing her legitimate charm, so as to enchant us everywhere. Nay," he continues, "in proportion as we possess the same qualities we are willing for a time to limit ourselves exclusively to the examination and attraction of these productions, and are contented with the possession and enjoyment of this class of pictures exclusively." And then follows an elaborate analysis of a series of etchings by Sebastian Bourbon, an artist in the fifteenth century, "whose talent," he says, "has never received its due praise." This I confess, surprised me in Goethe.

Mallett. It does not surprise me. His genius had a deliberate method of action and composition which resembled in many respects the art of the Caracci, and of even the lower school of their followers. He was essentially academic in his turn of mind; and naturally he overvalued academic and almost mechanical facility above the higher methods and daring graspings of great genius. He had a high esteem for the Muses, and no passion for them. He shook hands in the most friendly manner with them, always was proper, sometimes condescending to them, and never omitted the forms and ceremonies of politeness; when he called on them he always said, "*Ich empfehle mich*," and bowed low. But he was never passionately in love with them—never gave his heart to them with a complete self-surrender. He did not feel with Schiller that

Der allein besitzt die Musen,
Der sie trägt im warmen Busen,
Dem Vandalen sind sie Stein.

No; he rather put them to school, like a stiff old schoolmaster.

Belton. I am sorry I introduced this

subject. You are thoroughly unfair to Goethe; and though there is a certain truth in all you say, you exaggerate it until it becomes a falsity.

Mallett. I like Schiller's essays on art far better than Goethe's. There are some passages in his aesthetic letters on the education of man that are wonderfully noble, eloquent, and ideal in character; and I wish I had them here, that I might read you some. I am almost tempted to try and recall them now from memory, but I should do them injustice, and so let it be for another day, when I will bring you the book and read them to you.

Belton. You know I am fond of the Germans.

Mallett. I know you are; but I cannot see what you find so admirable in their imaginative literature, nor can I sympathize with the present rage for Germanism. In scholarship, philosophy, and criticism they stand very high, and in these branches their literature is admirable. But in almost all their books there is an absence of literary digestion. They ransack libraries with an astonishing zeal and industry, and leave nothing to desire in the way of accumulation; but they have no power of rejection and assimilation. Everything is fish which comes to their net. A German's capacity of boring and of being bored is inexhaustible. In the higher grade of the imagination they are encumbered with facts and observations and commonplaces. Their works are tedious beyond measure. In their poetry there is, for the most part, no irradiation — no fire to fuse and transmute it from substance to spirit. "The German genius," says Matthew Arnold, in his admirable paper on the study of Celtic literature, "has steadiness with honesty," while the English has "energy with honesty." But steadiness and honesty are qualities which, admirable as they are in life and in certain forms of literature, have little relation to the imagination, save in a very exalted sense. The poetic imagination takes slight heed of honesty. It has a higher office. It fuses while it uses, and in its glow all things

suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

It is often absolutely dishonest to real fact, and only true to ideal feeling. Fuel becomes flame in its enthusiastic embrace. What steadiness or honesty in their common sense is their in such lines as these? —

Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn.

Literally this is absurd: ideally it is exquisite. There is no bane to poetry like commonplace, however true, however honest. But such graces as these are never snatched by the German muse, and she wearies us with platitudes and propositions. Even Goethe is so determined to be accurate to the fact, that in writing his *Alexis* and *Dora* he stopped to consider whether *Alexis*, when he takes leave of *Dora*, ought to put down or take up his bundle; so at least Eckermann reports from Goethe's own lips. This is purely German in its literalness.

Belton. Have you raved enough against the Germans? If so, let us go back to Sir Walter Scott, in regard to whom we shall agree. What do you think of his poetry?

Mallett. I do not think it is of the highest kind, but of its kind it is masterly. It is healthy, vigorous, and almost epical in its character; and I cannot see why the world, which never is weary of praising Homer as the greatest of poets, or among the greatest of poets, turns such a cold shoulder to Scott, who, in his directness, spirit, and vigor, and straightforwardness of narrative, resembles Homer more than any of the poets of our age. The distance between them may be great, but their methods are very much the same; and had Scott written a thousand years ago in a dead tongue, we should never cease to chant his praises. Just as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were founded on the old ballads of his age, are Scott's romantic poems founded on the old ballads of his. Both are purely objective poets. But while this is the acknowledged charm of Homer, it is alleged as a defect in Scott. There is a great mystery in a dead tongue; and I sometimes ask myself what we should think of Homer if he had written only fifty years ago, and in English. Take, for instance, the well-known battle of Flodden field in "*Marmion*." I defy any one to read it without a stir in his blood — it is so full of fire, spirit, picturesque, and directness. It carries you on with it without a flag of interest, and as description it is wonderful. No battle in Homer is more vivid, nor more true, nor more living in its energy. What a picture, for instance, is that of Marmion's riderless horse! —

Bloodshot his eye, his nostril spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by.

The very lilt of the metre carries you on with it.

Belton. The age does not like this sort of thing now in its own poetry, however much it may admire it in ancient works. We are introspective, analytic, subjective, and self-conscious, almost to morbidness. The epic and dramatic have less charm for us than the reflective and speculative. We anatomize our feelings and emotions and motives, and are not satisfied with the natural expression of them in action. We are all Hamlets, and speculate and consider too anxiously. Our minds are

Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Mallett. And yet this is the age of athletics — of hunting, shooting, racing, deer-stalking, cricketing, and Alpine climbing. We have our "muscular Christianity" — our love of sports — our adoration of strength. How is it that this finds no response in our poetry? How is it that of the thousands who gather at every racecourse, whose hearts gallop with the horses, and strain to the goal with pulsing blood, and to whom the excitement is like intoxication — the great majority prefer in poetry sentiment, introspection, nay, even a morbid anatomy of feelings and emotions and passions, to healthy narrative? One would think that such persons, rejoicing in action and feeling the thrill of life, would desire something corresponding to this in literature. But it would seem they do not. They do not like Scott's life and stir and vigor: they prefer another kind of thing. They change their minds as they do their dress when they come home — take off their hunting-pinks, their shooting-knickerbockers, and heavy shoes, and put on their dress-coat, patent-leather shoes, and white cravats. Their very voices and lives change. Nimrod becomes languid, and Di Vernon changes her manners with her riding-habit. Papa, tired with his day's work, lies on the sofa and sleeps. It is simply reaction and fashion.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER V.

(continued.)

MRS. BERESFORD was better in the evening and came down to dinner, putting on one of her prettiest dresses in honor of the return. "I have worn nothing but grey alpaca for months," she said. "Like you, Cherry, I am quite glad to get out of it, and feel at home again. We have had rather a long spell of honeymooning this time, and we were beginning to get tired of each other; but it was the last, you know, for Cara is to go with us next year."

Cara, who was sitting by, began to speak. "If," — she said, and then stopped, arrested in spite of herself by such a passionate look as she had never seen before in her father's eyes.

"If — what? You think I shall change my mind? Ah, Mr. Maxwell, how do you do — am I feeling strong? Well, not strong, perhaps, but very well to-night. I have ups and downs. And poor James there, whom I have punished severely, will tell you I have grown the most fanciful, troublesome, capricious woman. James!"

He had taken Cara into a corner, and was whispering to her in a voice which made the child tremble, "If you say a word, if you vex your mother or frighten her with this idiotic sincerity of yours, by heaven I'll kill you!" clenching his hand. "Capricious! Yes, you never saw anything like it, Maxwell. Such a round as she has led me — such a life as I have had!" And he laughed. Heaven help them! they all laughed, pretending to see the joke. While the child in the corner, her little frame thrilling in every nerve with that strange violent whisper, the first roughness that had ever come her way, sat staring at the group in a trance of wonder. What did it mean? Why were they false all of them, crying when she was not there, pretending to laugh as soon as they turned to her. It was Cara's first introduction to the mysteries of life.

That night when Miss Cherry had cried herself nearly blind, after a stolen interview with the doctor in the passage as he left the house, she was frightened nearly out of her wits by a sudden apparition. It was late, for Cherry, though used to early hours, had not been able to think of sleep after the doctor's melancholy shake of the

head and whisper of "I fear the worst." She was sitting sadly thinking of what that pretty house would be with the mistress gone. What would become of James? Some men had work to occupy them. Some men were absorbed in the out-door life which makes a woman less the companion perpetual and cherished; but James! Cherry Beresford was so different a woman from her sister-in-law, that the affection between them had been limited, and almost conventional; the enforced union of relations, not anything spontaneous; for where mutual understanding is not, there cannot be much love. But this did not blind her perception as to what his wife was to James. She had not been very much to him, nor he to her. They had loved each other calmly like brother and sister, but they had not been companions since they were children. Cherry, who was very simple and true, not deceiving herself any more than other people, knew very well that she could never fill for him anything of the place his wife had left vacant. Her heart would bleed, for him; but that was all — and what would become of him? She shivered and wept at the thought, but could think of nothing — nothing! What would poor James do?

When Cara came stalking in before her in her nightgown, with a candle in her hand, white and chill as a little ghost, her face very pale, her brown hair hanging about her shoulders, her white bare feet showing below her nightdress, all lighted up by the candle she carried, "I have come to ask you what it all means," the child said; "none of you say what is true. You laugh when I can see you are more like crying, and you make jokes, and you tell — lies. Have you all gone mad, Aunt Cherry? or what does it mean?"

Upon this a little burst of impatience came to Miss Cherry, which was an ease to her overwrought feelings. "You little disagreeable, tiresome child! How dare you make yourself a judge of other people! Are you so wise or so sensible that you should be able to say exactly what is right and what is wrong? I wonder at you, Cara! When you see us unhappy, all upset and miserable, about your poor mamma."

"But why? To tell me — lies, will that make her well?"

"You should have been whipt," cried the indignant lady. "Oh, you should have been whipt when you were a small child, and then you never would have dared to speak so to me, and to your poor father,

whose heart is broken. Would you like us to go and tell her how ill she is, and beg of her to make haste and die? Poor, poor Annie! that is what would be best for her, to get rid of the pain. Is that what you will like us to do?"

"O Aunt Cherry, Aunt Cherry, don't say that mamma — that mamma —"

"No, my darling, I can't say it," cried Miss Cherry, drawing the child into her arms, kissing and crying over her. "I won't say it. I'll never, never give up hope. Doctors are deceived every day. Nobody can tell what may happen, and God hears prayers when we pray with all our hearts. But that's why we hide our feelings, Cara; why we laugh, dear, when we would like to cry; why we try to talk as if we were happy when we are very sad; for she would give up hope if she once knew —"

"And would that make any difference?" said the child, in all the impenetrability of wonder, one revelation bursting upon her after another, feeling this new dark mysterious world beyond her powers.

"Would hope make any difference?" cried Miss Cherry. "O child, how little you know! It is hope that makes all the difference. If you think things are going well it helps them to go well — it keeps up your strength, it cheers your heart, it makes you a different creature. Everything, everything lies in keeping up hope."

"I don't understand," said Cara, slowly. She had pushed open a door unawares into a spiritual world of which she knew nothing. She had not one of the happy superficial natures which sail over mysteries. That which was deeper than fact and truer than truth was a perplexity and aching wonder to the child. She could not fathom it, she had but just discovered it. She stood quite still while Miss Cherry explained to her as well as she could how nothing must be said or done that would alarm the patient, how everything must be made smooth and kept cheerful round. "And, Cara, you will remember — you will say nothing to frighten her, whatever you may hear. If she should suffer very much, you must always look as if you felt sure she would soon be better."

"Even if it is not true?"

"O my dear child! the only way to mend that is to pray to God day and night, day and night, to make it true! He can and he will — or, O Cara! we hope he will," cried Miss Cherry, with tears. "And you can help by always

praying, and always being cheerful. Look at your poor papa, how he smiles and jokes, and his heart is breaking all the time."

"His heart is breaking!" said Cara, under her breath.

"But if we all do what we can, and are cheerful, and trust in God, she may get better, dear. There is so much we can do. That is how I try to keep up my heart. We must never look frightened, never let her get alarmed. Keep cheerful, cheerful, Cara, whatever we do."

The child went back to bed with her head buzzing full of strange thoughts. She knew very well that nurse had often exhorted her to patience under toothache, for instance, as the best cure; but it never had cured in Cara's experience. Was cheerfulness likely to do in her mother's, and smiles instead of crying, and people saying things they did not believe? Such knowledge was too high for her. It confused her head, and made it ache and throb with the multitude of her thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONSULTATION.

"YES, Miss Carry, if you like. Your dear mamma is falling into a doze, and I don't wonder, poor dear, after all those doctors a-poking and fingering. Oh, it turns my heart sick! If I don't get a breath of air I'll die. Sit in the corner, honey, behind the curtains. Don't you tease her, nor talk to her; if she wants anything, ring the bell. There now, my darling, don't say as you haven't got your way. How that child has worried to get into the room," said the nurse confidentially, as she went soft-footed and noiseless down-stairs, with an anxious maid in attendance. "But a sick-room ain't a place for a child. It's bad enough for the like of me."

"Yes, poor soul! I can't think how you stand it night and day as you do," said Sarah the housemaid, under her breath.

"Bless you, I'm used to it," she said; "but there's things as I can't bear. Them doctors a-staring and a-poking, and looking as if they knowed everything. What do they know more than me? It's experience does it, not their Latin and their wise looks. I know well enough what they'll say—and I could have said it myself and welcome, 'stead of taking all that money out of master's pocket, as can't do good to nobody. I'd have said it as easy

as they could—allowing as it's any good to say it, which is what I can't see."

"What is it then, nurse?" said Sarah. "It seems awkward like, when fellows comes with kind inquiries, never to know no more nor the door you're opening. But I won't say a word," she added, contradictory but coaxing, "if you mind."

"I'll warrant as you won't," said nurse, and so disappeared down the kitchen stairs to snatch that cup of tea which is the saving of poor women. "And make it strong, do, or I can't go through with it much longer," she said, throwing herself into a chair.

This was some months after the home-coming of the invalid. Mrs. Beresford had rallied, and spent a pleasant Christmas with her friends round her once more, and she recovered her looks a little, and raised high hopes in all those who watched her so curiously. But just as spring began to touch the square and the crocuses appeared, a sudden and rapid relapse had come on, and to-day there had been a consultation of the doctors of a kind which could not be mistaken, so deeply serious was it. They were in Mr. Beresford's study while nurse went down-stairs, and he had just been called in solemnly from the next room to hear her fate, which implied his own. She had dropped into an uneasy sleep when her trial was over, too tired and worn out to be capable of more; and it was during this moment that nurse had yielded to Cara's entreaties, made through the half-open door. The child had not seen her mother all day, and her whole being was penetrated by the sense of anxiety and foreboding that was in the house. She had wandered up and down the staircase all the time the doctors had been about, and her little anxious face affected nurse with pity. It was the best thing for Cara to take the watch by her mother's side during this moment of suspense, as it was the best thing for nurse to get out of the sick-room and refresh herself with change. Nurse's heart was heavy too, but not with suspense. There had been no mystery to her in the growing illness. She was an "old-fashioned servant"—alas! of a very old-fashioned sort indeed, for few in any age, we fear, are those poetical retainers whose service is given for duty, not for need. Nurse served not for duty, indeed,—to which word she might have objected for was it not the duty "of them as she had done anything for" to look after her, as much as hers to look after them?—but for love, which is a more effectual

argument. She liked her good wages and her comforts, as an honest woman has a right to do; but she liked the "family" better still, and cared not very much for any other family, not even that with which she was herself connected in the capacity of sister and aunt—for though she had been married, she had no children of her own. Mrs. Beresford had been her child; then, so long after, Cara. Her heart was concentrated in those two. But after this trial of the medical examination, which was almost as hard upon her as upon her mistress, nurse was very thankful to take advantage of that door, and escape for a little into the more cheerful world of the kitchen, with all its coming and going, and the cup of tea which cook, sympathetic and curious, and very anxious to hear all that could be heard, made for her with such jealous care.

Thus little Cara stole in and established herself noiselessly in the corner by her mother's bedside, hidden by the curtains. Many and strange had been the thoughts in the child's head through these winter months, since her parents came home. She had lived a very quiet life for a child since ever she could remember, though it was a happy life enough; and the curious baby rigidity of the little code of morals which she had formed for herself had been unbroken up to that time. Cara had felt that whosoever did wrong ought to be hanged, beheaded, burnt, or whatsoever penalty was practicable, at once, without benefit of clergy. A lie being the worst possible offence that ever came within her ken, had been as murder in the swift and sudden vengeance of her thoughts. The offence had been considered capital, beyond the reach of pardon or extenuation. It is impossible to tell what horrible overthrow of all her canons ensued when her father and aunt not only sanctioned, but enforced, lying upon her, and boldly avowed their practice of it themselves as a duty. Cara had lost herself for a long time after that. She had wandered through that bottomless darkness for months, and now had only just come to a glimmering of daylight again by aid of the individual argument, that though truth was necessary for the world in general, modifications were permitted in cases where people were ill—in the case of mamma being ill, which was the immediate thing before her. It was the weak point in the world; but the thing was to accept it, not struggle against it, as guilt which was justified by necessity. Cara felt that here was one thing upon

which more light would come as one grew older—a prospect which generally this little idealist treated with the contempt it deserves. Mamma would be better then, she thought, and the world get back into its due balance and equilibrium without any one being the worse. Probably now that time was soon approaching, now that the doctors had come and found what was the matter, and probably very soon, Cara hoped, the worst of all her difficulties would be removed; and upon this doubtful subject she would be able to get the opinion of the individual on whose behalf the others were defying heaven with so much horrible daring, of mamma herself, for whom the sun and moon were being made to stand still, and all the world was put out of joint for the time. This hope was in her thoughts as she took her seat in nurse's big, softly cushioned chair, which never creaked nor made any noise, and sat there as still as a mouse, sometimes, not unlike a mouse, peeping round the corner of the curtain at her charge, who lay half buried among the pillows which her restlessness had thrown into disorder, with little starts and twitches of movement, and now and then a broken moan. Worn as she was, there was still beauty in the face—white and sharpened with pain, with red hectic spots upon it, like stains on the half-transparent flesh. Her hair had been pushed away under a cap, which had come loose, and only half confined the soft golden brown locks, which had not lost their lustre; she had thrown out one arm from under the bedclothes, which lay on the white coverlet, an ivory hand, half visible only through the lace and needlework of the sleeve. With what wondering awe and pity Cara looked at her—pity which was inexpressible, like all profound childish sentiments. Poor mamma! who suffered as she? for whom else did God permit the laws of truth to be broken? She was very fond of her beautiful mother, proud of her, and oh, so piteously sorry for her. Why should she be ill—she who hated it so much? Cara herself now and then was ill, and had to put up with it, without making any fuss. But mamma was different. The still child watched with a pity which was unfathomable, and beyond the reach of words.

The room was very still; it was at the back of the house, looking out upon nothing but gardens; so quiet that you could not have thought you were within reach of the full torrent of London life. The little *pétitement* of the fire, the occasional

soft falling of the ashes, the ticking of the small, soft-toned clock, were the only audible sounds. It was a warm spring afternoon, and but that Mrs. Beresford liked to see it, there was no need for a fire. It made the room warm and drowsy. How it was that, amid all her confused and troubled thoughts, such a reflective child as little Cara should have got drowsy too, who can tell? The stillness and quiet were unusual to her. She was leaning back against nurse's chair, her feet curled up, her small frame entirely contained within it, her mother sleeping beside her, the room very still, with those soft rhythms of periodic sound. All at once she came to herself in a moment, after a lapse, the duration of which she knew nothing of. It was the sound of voices which roused her. Her mother speaking — her father, though how he got there she could not tell, standing, very haggard and pale, in front of the fire.

"You said you would tell me — oh, tell me the truth! I am tired of waiting, and of uncertainty. James, in pity, the truth!"

"Yes, my darling — but they came — to no decision. It is so long since Sir William saw you. You could not bear him, you know. He must come again — he must have time —"

"James! You are not telling me the truth!"

Cara saw that her father turned round to the fire, and held out his hands to it, as if he were cold. The change made his voice sound further away. "Annie, Annie! do you think I would deceive you?" he said, faltering. Neither of them knew that the child was there behind the curtain, but of that Cara never thought.

"What did they say?" she cried. "Oh, yes, you deceive me. You do nothing but deceive me — and now, at least, I must know the truth. I will send for Maxwell to come back, and he will tell me — he is honest, not like you. James, James! have you no love for me left? You did love me once — and promised. What did they say? I *know* they have told you. You cannot hide it from me — it is in your face."

He made no answer, but stooped down over the fire, so that his very profile might be hid from her. She could not see anything, he thought, in his shoulders — and yet the tremor in his frame — the very gesture told more plainly than words. She sat up in her bed, growing wild with eager energy. Her cap fell back, which had been loose before, and her long hair streamed over her shoulders. "Bring in

the medicine-box, quick, quick!" she cried. He ran to obey her, glad of the diversion, and knowing how often she had paroxysms of pain, which had to be stilled at all hazards. The neat little medicine-chest, with its orderly drawers and shelves, like a toy in tiny regularity and neatness, was kept in a closet at the other end of the room. He brought it out, and put it down on the table by her bedside. "Is it the usual pain?" he said, his voice trembling. And now she could see all the misery in his haggard face. She clutched with her white feverish fingers at his arm.

"Tell me. You have heard — oh, I can see, you have heard — tell me, what do they say?"

He tried for a moment to get free; but what was the use? His face, all quivering with miserable excitement, his heavy eyes that would not look her in the face; his lips, not steady enough even to frame an excuse, were more telling than any words. She devoured his face with her strained eyes, holding him by his sleeve. Then, with a convulsive shiver, "It is as I thought. Cancer!" The word choked her, and came out stammering, with a shudder beyond words.

"O my darling!" he said, sinking down on his knees by her bedside. "What do they know? They are mistaken every day. How often have we said that, you and I? Why should we make gods of them now? Annie! we never believed in doctors, you and I!"

"I believe in them now," she said. All her excitement had faded from her. The hectic red had disappeared from her cheeks, a convulsive shivering was all that remained of her strong excitement and emotion. She was hushed by the news. No doubt was in her mind as to the truth of it. There was silence for a moment — a long, long time, as it seemed; and when the silence was broken, it was she who spoke, not in complaint or despair, but with a strange, chill wonder and reflective pain. "There are some people who would not have minded so much," she said, in a half-whisper. "Some people do not feel the pain so much — or — the loathing. O my God, my God, *me!*" What could be said? Hard sobs shook the man's helpless frame. He could do nothing for her — and she was dearer to him than his life.

"Do not cry," she said, as if she had been talking to a child, "that hurts me more. Don't you remember when we talked of it — if it ever came to this,

James — and I made you promise. You promised. Surely, surely, you must remember? In summer, before we went away."

He tried to look at her blankly, as if he did not know what she meant; but, God help him, he remembered every word.

"Yes; you know what I mean. I can see it in your eyes. You can't deceive me now, James! you promised!"

"Never! never!" he said, his voice broken with passionate sobs.

"I think you promised; but at least you said it was right — no wickedness in it. Oh, do it, James! You can save me still. Why should I have any more pain now? I could bear it if it was for any good; but why should I *now*, James?"

"I cannot, I cannot," he cried; "do not ask me. Myself, if you will, but not you — not you!"

"Yourself!" she said, with a dreamy contempt. In her deadly danger and despair she was somehow raised above all creatures who had no warrant of death in them. "Why yourself? You are safe; there is no vulture coming to gnaw *your* flesh. O James, have you not the heart of a man to save me! Think if it had been in India, in the Mutiny — and you said it would be right."

"How could I know?" cried the unhappy man, with the artlessness of despair; "how could I tell it was coming to us? I did not think what I was saying. I thought of others — strangers. Annie! oh, let me go! — let me go!"

"Think a moment," she said, still holding him; "think what it will be. Torment! It is hard to bear now, but nothing to what it will be — and worse than torment. You will sicken at me; the place will be unendurable. O God! James, save me! oh, save me! It would be so easy — nothing but a dose, a drink — and all safe. James! James!"

The man burst out into terrible tears — he was beyond the stage at which self-restraint exists — but as for her, she was calm. It was she who held the chief place in this conflict. He was but secondary. The day, the moment was for him but one of many; his life would flow on the same as before, but hers had to stop if not now yet close by. She had her sentence delivered to her. And suddenly a fever of longing woke up in her — a desire to taste this strange death, at once to anticipate fate, like that vertigo which makes shipwrecked people plunge into the sea to meet their end a few minutes before it comes inevitably, forestalling it, not wait-

ing for it. She rushed all at once into sudden energy and excitement.

"Come," she cried, with a breathlessness which was half haste, half from the sudden acceleration of her heart. "Come; this is the moment. There could be no time as good as now. I am not unhappy about it, nor sorry. It is like champagne. James, if you love me, do it at once; do it now!"

He made no reply, but clung to the bed, hiding his face with a convulsive shivering all over him. Was it that the excitement in her communicated itself to him, and that he was tempted to obey? There was a singing and a buzzing in his ears. Despair and misery stupefied him. Sooner or later she was to be taken from him: now, or a few weeks, a few months hence through a burning path of torture. And he could make it easy. Was it a devil or an angel that tugged at his heart, and echoed what she said?

"Come," she said, in soft tones of pleading, "cannot you see? I am in the right mind now. Death takes people constantly by surprise, but I am just as I should like to be, able to understand everything, able to feel what is happening to me, not in pain, or unhappy. Oh, quick, quick, James! you shall hold my hand, and as long as I can speak I will tell you how it feels — like your friend. You remember Como and the boat and the floating away. Quick, quick, while I am happy, out of pain, clear in my head!" Then her voice softened still more, and a piteous smile came upon her face. "Sorry only for you — O my James, my poor James! But you would rather send me away like this than see me perishing — perishing! Come, James!"

She loosed her hold upon him to let him rise, and he stumbled up to his feet like a man dazed, paused, looked at her; then throwing up his arms in a paroxysm of despair and misery, turned and fled from the room. "Ah!" she gave a cry that he thought pursued him, echoing and echoing round his head as he rushed out of the house like a hunted man. But she had no power to pursue him though her cry had. She sat up gazing after him, her arm stretched out, her head bent forward as when she was talking. Then her arm relaxed, her head drooped, a rush of womanish childish tears came to her eyes. Tears! at such a moment they made everything dim around her, but cleared away gradually like a mist, and once more the doomed woman saw clear. He was gone who should have been her loving execu-

tioner and saviour; but—her heart, which had sunk with the disappointment, gave another leap in her breast. He had left the remedy in her hands. The little medicine-chest stood open beside her on the table, within her reach. She did not pause to think, but put out her hand and selected one of the bottles firmly yet trembling, trembling only in her nerves, not in her courage. It required a little effort to pluck it out of the closely-fitting case, and then she held death in her hands.

Just then a little rustle behind the curtain, a childish form peeping round the corner, disturbed her more than anything else in the world would have done. "Mamma," said Cara, "what is that? What is that you are going to take? If papa would not give it you, can it be good for you? Oh, don't take it, mamma!"

Mrs. Beresford trembled so much that she could scarcely hold the bottle in her hand. "It is something that will put my pain away," she said, quite humbly. "O Cara, my darling, I must take it; it will put away my pain."

"Are you sure, quite sure?" said the child. "Shall I ring for nurse, mamma, or shall I do it? My hand is quite steady. I can drop medicine as well as nurse can. Mamma, you are quite, quite sure it will do you good; there, let me give it you."

"No, no," she said, with a low shriek and shudder, turning away from her. "No, Cara, not for the world."

"But I am very steady; and here is your glass, mamma."

"God forbid!" she cried, "not you, not you." This last strange incident seemed to take from her the last excuse for delay, and hurried on her fate. She paused a moment, with her hands clasped close upon the little phial, and looked upward, her face inspired and shining with a wonderful solemnity. Then slowly she unclasped her fingers, sighed, and put it to her lips. It was not the right way to take medicine, poor little Cara thought, whose mind was all in a confusion, not knowing what to think. But the moment the deed was done, that solemn look which frightened Cara passed away from her mother's face. "Ah!" she cried, fretfully, wiping her lips with her handkerchief, "how nasty, how nasty it is! Give me a piece of sugar, a bit of biscuit, anything to put the taste away."

Cara brought the biscuit, pleased to be of use. She picked up the bottle which had dropped out of her mother's hand, and put it back tidily in the case. She

smoothed the disordered pillow. Mamma had been vexed because papa would not tell her something, would not let her know the truth, which was precisely what Cara herself objected to in him; but perhaps papa might have reason on his side too, for she was not strong enough to be agitated. And no doubt he would come back presently and make amends. In the mean time it pleased Cara to be her mother's sole attendant, she putting everything tidy with great care, drawing the coverlet straight, and smoothing the bed. The medicine-chest was too heavy for her to carry back to its proper place, but at last she put it exactly level upon the table, with the other things cosily arranged round it. Her mother, following her movements with drowsy eyes, smiled softly upon her. "Cara, come here," she said; "come and give me a kiss. You will be good, and take care of papa?"

"Yes," said Cara, astonished. She was almost frightened by the kiss, so clinging and solemn, which her mother gave her, not on her cheek, but her mouth. Then Mrs. Beresford dropped back on the pillow, her eyes closing. Cara had finished her tidying. She thought the room looked more still than ever, and her patient more comfortable; and with a curious mixture of satisfaction and wonder she went back behind the curtain to nurse's big chair. Then her mother called her again; her eyes altogether closed this time, her voice like one half asleep.

"Cara, tell him I was not angry; tell him it is quite true—no pain, only floating, floating away."

"What are you saying, mamma?"

"Floating, floating; he will know."

Then she half opened the drowsy eyes again, with a smile in them. "Give me one kiss more, my Cara. I am going to sleep now."

The child could not tell what made her heart beat so, and filled her with terror. She watched her mother for a moment, scarcely daring to draw her breath, and then rang the bell, with a confused desire to cry for help, though she could not have told why.

From Temple Bar.

THE LAST OF THE GRAND SCHOOL OF CONNOISSEURS.

If this description be correct—and it was made by an excellent authority—Thomas Dodd should not be forgotten.

But I find that even the elder generation of art-collectors, *habitués* of the King Street sale-rooms, or of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's, jog their recollection when he is named. Twenty-six years is an age for the memory of one who leaves no printed record of his labors and his knowledge. If ever that catalogue should be published which has been promised so long, of the prints left by Francis Douce to the Bodleian Library, Dodd's name will be once again familiar in men's mouths, with increased honor. Looking forward to that time — as every *virtuoso* of Europe has been doing for thirty-five years past — I may rescue from oblivion an autobiography which is not least interesting of the many MSS. possessed by Mr. Mayer of Bebington. It is curious for its facts. That a tailor-boy, band-boy, butcher-boy, harper, tailor for the second time, footman, bookseller, and auctioneer, should grow into the most accomplished and profound judge of a most intricate branch in art is surprising enough already. But Mr. Dodd enjoyed the dubious advantage of a literary style unequalled, perhaps, since Mrs. Malaprop gave up earthly correspondence.

One would not ridicule a man whose career was so honorable, and whose attainments so great; but I cannot myself carry reverence so far as to overlook plain facts. The involuntary laugh at perversions of speech will not be smothered by respect for learning in quite another line of study. One may marvel how Dodd acquired the ponderous Latinisms which he so strangely employs, but there they are, a droll array. Like most men self-educated, he grew to think the use of our plain mother-tongue to be a sign of ignorance, monosyllables a disgrace, and common forms of speech beneath the scholar's notice. I take occasion to display our hero's style, bearing in memory that great maxim, *le style c'est l'homme*. Thereby the reader will be enabled to guess somewhat of characteristics unhinted in the long autobiography I am about to summarize. But, whilst smiling, I hope he will ever keep in mind the astonishing ability of which this quaint language is, in one sense, another token. A schoolboy may laugh at Dodd's grammar, but very few critics have equalled him in knowledge, and none have excelled.

I, Thomas Dodd, was the first-born offspring of my parents, Thomas Dodd, a tailor, and Elizabeth, the second daughter of Thomas Tooley, an eminent accoucheur of his day,

dwelling in the parish of Christ Church, Spitalfields, London; in which parish my parents also resided, and therein my mother gave me birth, on the 7th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1771, and was baptized in the parish church on the 22nd day of August following.

In such heroic vein does Thomas Dodd set himself to write "A Narrative of Incidents and Adventures in my Progress in Life" for his patron, Mr. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A. As a sign of character, it is to be remarked that this first-born offspring of his parents never afterwards makes particular mention of a brother or a sister; never, indeed, alludes to his wife, save to announce the wedding, and to record her presence in that trip to Ludlow when he first struggled for the *spolia opima* of caligraphy, the "Basiloogia."

Dodd senior was a person of mysterious habits. We learn that he had a practice of disappearing for a while, naturally reprehended by his family. It does not appear why he should have taken a two years' trip on the Continent in 1781, nor why he should have returned thither "to stay" after six months' renewed experience of domestic joys. Until this final departure our hero went to school in the "Academy" of M. Dufour on Shooter's Hill. He does not hesitate to say that four years' residence with this gentleman earned him "great reputation for his progressive attainments in the elements of learning and of writing."

But whilst the father thus abandoned his home, the mother had no means of support except in making waistcoats, and she was doubtless overjoyed when an Anglo-American colonel, named De Vaux, offered to take young Thomas into his employment. This extraordinary gentleman, whose proceedings are utterly incomprehensible, as we catch glimpses of them in the narrative, wished to establish a juvenile band. Thomas Dodd was chosen to play the first clarionet, a boy named Carpenter played second, two other boys had French horns, and a tall negro named Johnson accompanied on the bassoon. The same Johnson afterwards clashed the cymbals in the band of the Duke of York's Foot Guards. At this moment he was groom, valet, and factotum of the gay colonel, who lived at Craven Hill with an American lady from Carolina. In fashionable places De Vaux kept up great style, "in a lofty phaeton, propelled by four fine bay blood-horses, accompanied by black Johnson, as his

groom, on a fifth." But what he wanted with a "juvenile band," unless to herald his progress, is not shown.

Dodd and his comrades dwelt in a loft above the stable; they had nothing to do save eat their meals in the kitchen and attend upon the music-masters twice a week. They "were nearly subjugated to shift for themselves," but twelve months passed in this manner. Then the colonel got rid of his mistress and broke up his establishment, setting out on a tour through England. Dodd and Carpenter were left with a butcher to be cared for, the other boys with other tradesmen. Their music-lessons were to be kept up, and meanwhile the colonel and his black groom went forth in grand array to seek an heiress.

Chapman, the butcher, proved to be an amiable man, but his wife was a "brute." She stripped the boys of their good clothing, dressed them like butchers, and set them to do the foul drudgery of the shop. They slept on undressed sheepskins in a back kitchen underground; they got nothing to eat but what was tainted, and this "furious and demon-like fiend" knocked them about with a broomstick. They carried out meat, attended Chapman to Smithfield and the slaughter-house—in fact did the work of butcher-boys of the lowest class.

For twelve months young Dodd endured his fate. But in August, 1785, he learned that the colonel was then at Liverpool, and a beating more savage than ordinary stirred him to seek his benefactor. Without a cap, in shoes worn out, and filthy jacket and apron, actually penniless, he set out for a walk to Liverpool. Crossing Primrose Hill he found a raw carrot in the path, and ate it with superstitious gratitude. At Jack Straw's Castle, on Hampstead Heath, a drover invited him to assist with a flock of sheep going to Barnet, which Dodd very willingly agreed to do for twopence, bread and cheese, and beer. From Barnet he followed a Liverpool wagon to St. Alban's, reaching that place at midnight. The wagoner put up his horses and went to bed, but our hero wandered about supperless, until a good woman leaning on the hatchway door of her house, gave him a slice of bread-and-butter. Then he found a smithy still open and cheefully clanging. With the light and noise for company, young Thomas tied his apron round his head, and slept by the doorway till a wagon passing roused him at 4 A.M. It proved to be the same he had already followed,

and he took up the pursuit till it brought him to Stony Stratford about sundown. Whilst resting on a bank, the school-children surrounded and mocked him. Nor was this all of poor Thomas's misfortune, for a man came up, gun on shoulder, and threatened to shoot him then and there, for reasons unstated. He called Thomas hard names, moreover, and proposed to send him back for a runaway apprentice, tied under the next coach passing Londonwards.

But, for the credit of Stony Stratford, there were inhabitants of more kindly humor. A poor laundress rescued the boy, took him to her cottage, gave him supper, bed, breakfast, and twopence.

Thus [says he] in the seven following days I traversed through Daventry, Dunchurch, Coventry, Meriden, Litchfield, Stone, Newcastle, Warrington, and finally reached Liverpool, meeting on my route both vicissitudes and friendly assistance from the humane of both sexes.

But the mysterious colonel had followed his quest of an heiress to Matlock Baths, and Thomas ruefully deliberated whether to pursue or not, sitting melancholy on the pier-head. He set out at length, and on Shude Hill took counsel with some Irish road-makers. They cheered him up, and subscribed fourpence amongst them to help him along. In the evening he reached Prescott, where the ostler of an inn let him sleep in the hay-loft, and gave him food. Next day he passed through Warrington, "loitering there for a while," as he tells us. But nothing good turned up for the poor little fellow, and he wandered on to Hollin's Green. Here a farmer gave him leave to sleep in his barn. Presently, while Thomas was dreaming, three or four men entered noisily, rejoicing in some villanous success. One of them stumbled over the boy, and instantly threatened to murder him; but he feigned sleep, and they drew off whispering. About a quarter of an hour afterwards the earth shook, and a dreadful noise, like a peal of the loudest thunder, startled sleep away. The men uttered shouts of triumph, and decamped. Thomas supposed the alarm to be caused by an earthquake, but on leaving the barn before daylight he found all the village astir. A powder-mill had blown up by accident, as people thought, and he did not undeceive them. In the evening Manchester was gained, where kind-hearted persons gave him food and coppers enough to pay for a lodging.

Next day brought him to Chapel-en-le-Frith, and a good Quakeress relieved him. Supper and shelter she provided, a hat besides, and shoes; for the one, he had not possessed on starting, and the other was but a mockery. Sixpence also did the kind lady present to him, and Thomas went forth merrily, reaching Matlock Baths at sunset. Most creditable travelling for a boy of thirteen! Thomas had no difficulty in finding his gallant patron, but here a certain diffidence took hold of him. It occurred to his simple mind as remotely possible that the colonel might not be deliciously overjoyed to see his first clarinet in such circumstances. "With anxiety and apprehension," he sat in the hotel stables, and revolved these novel thoughts. To him entered the oster with a lantern, who naturally, though sternly, inquired what such a ragged boy might be doing there. "To which interrogatories I replied, and asked" if black Johnson was anywhere about. The man fetched him, and black Johnson, with no visible surprise, promptly inquired how Thomas was getting on with the clarinet.

To satisfy himself he took the boy into the kitchen, and set him to show his ability upon a borrowed instrument. To the pleasant air of "Malbrook" all the household cheerfully gave way, and the maids began to dance, whilst the cooks prepared a dainty supper for their minstrel boy. Meantime, black Johnson told his master, who was pursuing his heiress in the ball-room. The colonel came out, Thomas went up-stairs, and on the landing this grave interview took place:—

"How the devil did you get here?" asked the colonel. To which I stated in reply the ill treatment I had experienced, which had compelled me to resort to seek shelter under his protection. In the course of three days I was re-equipped in a tyger-like style,

and, in short, Thomas made himself useful.

But the heiress did not turn up at Matlock, and the indefatigable colonel went in search of her to Rochdale. Here, it is hinted, he flushed game, but in the preserves of an irritable stranger. This individual demanded an immediate meeting, and I am sorry to record that the colonel vanished at that word.

They went to Manchester, and stopped nearly a month, figuring with conspicuous effect at balls and parties, but neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Frodsham and Chester were tried without success, a

tour through north Wales had no result. Returning by Conway, the colonel found an opportunity to drop Thomas in that ancient city. He handed him to an itinerant harper, who played to guests in the hotel. By this man our hero was taken to his mother's farm near Llanrwst, to be there instructed in the rudiments of harping. It is to be observed that nowhere does Dodd speak of Colonel De Vaux in unkindly mood. To the last he was apparently as much mystified as any one by that gentleman's proceedings.

The farm was half an acre, and its stock two sheep and a half-dozen poultry. Thomas had a bundle of straw in the cottage, some black bread to eat, with an occasional potato, and water or buttermilk to drink. He starved and learnt nothing, for the harper left him after two days, wandering in search of fairs and festivities. At the end of three weeks the boy grew tired, and set off for Llanrwst. Here the colonel had been staying in great magnificence whilst on his tour, so that Mr. John Richards, landlord of the Queen's Head, was naturally surprised to behold his former "tyger" wandering unprotected about the town. Mr. Richards was himself a harpist, and on hearing the boy's tale a thrill of indignation warmed him. Thomas learned that the colonel had been imposed upon. Mr. John Jones was notoriously incompetent to teach the harp. His fingering, as every one admitted, was most imperfect, and his knowledge of the true science a subject of mockery with all who knew him. Would the colonel be likely to pay a professor really skilled, if such an one could be discovered? Thomas had no doubt of it. So Mr. Richards took him home and introduced him to his family. Nor does his charitable humor seem to have been chilled when Thomas ate up a whole leg of mutton.

For twelve months Mr. Richards treated the boy very kindly, and gave him careful teaching in his profession. But no word came from the colonel, and no money. The innkeeper grew cold, then morose; finally things became so bad that Thomas decided to run away. He could now speak Welsh a little, and used his accomplishment to beg Christmas boxes, as is the custom in Wales, and, indeed, elsewhere. He collected fifteen pence on Christmas day of 1786-7, and decamped the same night. At midnight the inn was full of customers, drinking ale, and singing to Welsh harps; Thomas slipped down without his shoes, passed the bulldogs, crossed the yard and over the gates.

There was a brilliant moon and a keen frost to quicken his travel towards the mountains. About two hours after, he heard a horse's hoofs, which rang far on the frozen ground, but there was no place to hide upon the bare hillside, and the moon lit it up like day. The rider came up rapidly and asked inconvenient questions. At length he went on, and about 4 A. M. Thomas reached the village of Cerrig-y-Druidion. That appears to have been a convivial spot. The inhabitants were still honoring Christmas at the ale-house, with the usual ceremonies.

They had a harper naturally, and to his music each sang a stanza of his own composition. Thomas made himself so popular by a new tune, that the delighted Welshmen plied him with "cwrw da" till he fell asleep in their midst. Meanwhile, Llanrwst was fevered by the loss of those accomplishments which rejoiced Cerrig-y-Druidion. The town crier went about proclaiming Mr. Richards' despair, and presently an itinerant preacher came forward to announce that he had passed the boy on the mountains. Richards sent after him, and the messenger overtook Thomas in Llangollen. Upon solemn promises that he should not be hurt, the runaway mounted a pony sent for him, and returned disconsolate. Richards kept the word pledged, but threatened his apprenticeship with the gaol if he tried anything of the sort again.

The people of Llanrwst very seriously believed in fairies and hobgoblins, at the happy time we treat of. Thomas found himself a hero, to be classed with the most undaunted champions of Cymric story, for his valor in walking the mountains at midnight. We do not read of particular honors paid the dissenting minister, but the fame of Thomas Dodd travelled far. It reached, among others, the Rev. John Royle, who dwelt at the abbey, near Llanrwst. He questioned the boy, and learned his story. Richards had evidently no rights over him, and he wished to leave a house made intolerable by unkindness. There and then Mr. Royle set him on his horse, sent him off to the abbey, and visited Mr. Richards.

Dodd always spoke of this new protector in terms equally grateful and involved: "Under his direction," says he, "I became his attendant, more with parental accordance than otherwise." Mr. Royle had sporting tastes, and Thomas's especial duty was to look after his greyhounds, and accompany him coursing. In the year 1786, to which we have arrived, Capel

Cerrig and its neighborhood were almost desert. The mountains, utterly barren, could be crossed only on horse-tracks. The village consisted of a small chapel, one house "called an inn," and a blacksmith's forge, supported chiefly by the miners. Cottages were very few and far between on the hills, and they should rather have been called huts. Mr. Dodd tells us that he saw an astonishing change already, when he revisited the spot, in 1824. Slopes which had been naked were covered with plantations, the valleys were green and cultivated, pretty cottages had taken place of dirty hovels.

The country offered such sport, and the parson was so enthusiastic, that Thomas innocently treats coursing as his regular employment.

During my leisure hours of relaxation [says he] my mind was bent towards improving my mental capacity in the exercises of reading, in writing, and arithmetic, having had but little or no previous practice, but what I had inculcated at Mr. Dufour's academy, from which I was withdrawn at the age of ten years. I also gained some additional instruction in practising on the harp from Lady Kyffin's harper, whom I frequently visited, and made myself no less useful to him by reading new tunes.

The whole of 1787, and part of the year ensuing, were spent with Mr. Royle, until a certain affectionate yearning drew Thomas towards his mother. The worthy parson gave him a suit of clothes and ten guineas; we learn, incidentally, that Welsh tailors at that epoch exercised a peripatetic profession, working in the country houses as they went along. Mr. Royle had a presentiment that his young huntsman would not return, and he seems to have been correct in bidding him an eternal farewell, since we hear of this gentleman no more.

Arriving at London in eight days, Thomas found his mother and two sisters working for Tooley and Mitchell, tailors, of Pancras Lane, the head of the firm being Mrs. Dodd's brother. They took the wanderer also into their employment, apparently under some promise of ultimate advantage. But in the mean while, they set him to attend upon their workmen, to sweep the shop, and to carry parcels out. After a year of this, Thomas began to despair. He could find no leisure for "inculcating" his mind, and resolved to quit this employment also. With his uncle's ready assent, he put down his name at a registry office, and within a day or two was engaged by Mrs. Stuart, 48,

Weymouth Street, Portland Place, as footman.

Here Dodd remained two years and a half, until tempted to "better himself." As footman, but at a larger salary, he entered the service of Timothy Mangles, Esq., a wealthy merchant, whose town house was in Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, and his country-seat at Leytonstone, Essex.

The light work of Mr. Mangles' household gave Dodd ample time for study. He began to practise drawing, and before the end of 1794 he had acquired considerable skill in copying prints, and even in *genre* subjects from nature. In the autumn of that year he married the waiting-maid of Miss Mangles. This grave step compelled him to seek more profitable employment, and he set up a day-school for boys, in the neighborhood of Battle Bridge, St. Pancras.

Here—but it is safer to transcribe Dodd's own account:—

After a short interval scholars began to flow in apace, owing to the rapid improvement they made under my instruction; inasmuch that some few of their mothers came in succession to compliment me for what they termed as astonishing, considering the time they had been under preceding tutors, and of them had realized but very little or no improvement.

Dodd then explains the "jocose and facilitating mode of tutorship," by which he earned so much success.

But he kept school for a few months only, until a situation as engrossing clerk in the Enrolment Office of the Court of Chancery was obtained for him by Uncle Tooley. The charge of his office included deeds of bargain and sale, memorials of annuities, specifications of patents, etc., and the latter were commonly accompanied by drawings of machinery, which had to be copied. From his "previous inculcation" Dodd had reached considerable skill in such drawing, and soon perceived that the copiers of the office made more money than the engrossers. After proving his ability he was admitted amongst the former, and very soon obtained a large connection with inventors. Ten till two were the business hours of 1795, and Dodd had ample leisure for his private practice. An action brought by Messrs. Boulton and Watt against certain individuals accused of infringing on their patent for the steam-engine, displayed his talents publicly. Counsel for the defendants objected to the copy of the patent drawings lodged in court, and demanded the originals.

When brought, they were so perfectly in accordance with the copy, that Dodd received a compliment from the judge.

Beginning thus, his interest in prints became a passion. After a while he resolved to trade in them, as much for the opportunities of study to be thus obtained as for the profit. He frequented sales of old books and engravings, buying as his means permitted. In the year 1796 he was able to begin, upon the smallest scale, in Lambeth Marsh. Though humble, the venture was not unsuccessful, and in two years Dodd felt encouraged to take larger premises in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. At Lambeth Marsh he had a notable customer. William Henry Ireland found out the unpretending shop, and doubtless thought it obscure enough for his purposes. Dodd's speciality, even at this time, was ancient portraits, which he cut from books, selling the letter-press afterwards. Ireland persuaded him to abstract also the fly-leaf at beginning and end of the volume, thus securing paper of the proper age for his elaborate forgeries.*

Dodd had not yet given up his position at the Enrolment Office, but he became more and more fascinated by the study of prints. In the quaintest terms he makes the effort to describe his enthusiasm, his hard work, and his success. Paragraph after paragraph he repeats the same tale, evidently doubtful whether previous words

* Mr. Thomas Wright apparently believes, as did Gilray, that Samuel Ireland, father to William, actually wrote the forged dramas. Samuel Ireland, favorably known for his "Picturesque Tours," announced that his son had received a present from an unacknowledged source of many important mementos and manuscripts, originally the property of Shakespeare. These were exhibited to various distinguished but credulous literary men with such art, that their authenticity was generally accepted. Ireland now proceeded further. He announced that an entire MS. play, "Vortigern and Rowena," from the pen of the immortal bard, formed part of these treasures. The discovery excited universal attention; the two great theatres were eager to secure it, and Drury Lane secured the precious document for £300, and a stipulated half of the receipts for the first sixty nights. "The prologue boldly asserted, 'Before the court immortal Shakespeare stands!'" and the play commenced. It was at once recognized as a failure. The piece proceeded to the line, "And when this solemn mockery is o'er," pronounced in the fifth act by Kemble, who played Vortigern, and upon this apposite cue the uproarious behavior of his audience convinced the manager that the piece was an impudent forgery. Ireland's audacity exceeded belief. In an interview with Sheridan and Kemble he urged a second trial. Sheridan dissented, and when Ireland was dismissed Kemble said, "Well, sir, you cannot doubt that the play is a forgery!" "Damn the fellow!" replied Sheridan, "I believe his face is a forgery."—"The Works of James Gilray," edited by T. Wright, p. 232.

The whole collection of Ireland's forgeries is now in possession of Mr. Mayer, who bought them in a miscellaneous kind of sale at Hodgson's rooms, Liverpool, some thirty years ago.

have yet conveyed all he would tell the reader.

My mind was sensibly alive to obtain every possible variety in the curious and varied productions of the early callographists of the different nations of Europe. I progressively became initiated into all the varieties of practice in the art itself, and more especially into the extent of the works of each artist whose productions carried with them a high degree of perfection, and of otherwise celebrity, etc. . . . At this period the whole bent of my genius became assiduously diverted and directed in the pursuit, etc. . . . My whole energy became as it were enraptured to a degree of enthusiasm at the sight of such productions as carried with them any prominent perfection of art as emanating (*sic*) from the painter, but more especially that of the engraver, and engraving them into my very nature.

Proceeding thus progressively I daily acquired increased information into the names of engravers of all nations throughout Europe, their varied modes of practice, their tact and efficiency in producing tone and effect in concordance with the production of the painter from whom they individually made their transcript; a task of no easy attainment but by habitual perseverance (and to such only that are gifted with a cheerful intellectual capacity to engrave in the memory as they progress in its acquirements); consequently the callographic productions of every practitioner in the art throughout Europe became in time as familiar to my sight, inasmuch as to identify every product, and applying it *instantly* to the individual who produced it, without referring to signatures.

Thus Dodd reiterates the tale of his honorable struggles, and the assurance of his extraordinary success. It is not wonderful that he should exert himself thus, for no words of an autobiographer would persuade us that after such a youth as Dodd's a man could suddenly make himself the foremost authority in a branch of art perhaps the most abstruse. Fortunately there is other evidence. An astonishing industry, joined, doubtless, to a natural bent, actually did enable this ex-Jack-of-all-trades to become a critic of renown before his thirtieth birthday, and to lift him long before he died into the very highest rank of connoisseurs. It is to be remembered also that whilst art students nowadays owe an immense debt to Thomas Dodd, he owed very little to any Englishman. Joseph Strutt had, indeed, published, in 1785, his "Biographical History of Engravers and their Works," but the notices of each artist are very brief and incorrect, the criticisms no less so, and the examples of style are curiously ill chosen. The introductory chapters of

the book prove more valuable, and they are said to have been the writing of William Roscoe.

Since the history of art was thus neglected at home, Dodd naturally looked more abroad. To enjoy the advantage of foreign criticisms and knowledge, he set himself to learn French, and readily acquired skill enough to comprehend works of the class he affected. With materials thus gathered, he proposed, as a beginning, to publish the name "of every person that had hitherto exercised the arts of engraving and etching, either in metallic substances or on wood, by any one or conjoined processes; that is, by either engraving the use of the graver with that of the point, or in mezzotinto, aquatinta, soft ground, and other modes at that time in practice." The catalogue was arranged in eight columns, of which the first showed the engraver's monogram, when he thus signed his work; the second, his full name; the third, his birthplace; the fourth, his date; the fifth, his residence; sixth, his line of art; seventh, his favorite subject; and last, the date of his death. This great work was never published at all, as I believe. It forms thirty manuscript folios in the collection of Mr. Mayer.

In the Enrolment Office Dodd had two young clerks under him, who were destined to become famous. They were sons of an old painter named Fielding, and were called Copley and Raffael. The father had a certain reputation for his painting of very old men, in whose faces he showed every wrinkle and line. They called him the "English Denner." Linnell, also, had his earliest patron in Dodd, who bought from the tiny artist his small sketches of a boat or a river scene, executed in chalk on a blue ground. Linnell was eight or nine years old in 1800, but Dodd saw his talent, and was pleased to accompany the child on his little sketching-expeditions.

The task of compiling this catalogue fixed in the collector's memory the information which it contained. He increased the list of Strutt's engravings fourfold, and

from this time my name became proverbial as being the person of best authority to resort to as regarding enquiry relative to such subject, whether as applying to the prevailing talent of any individual practitioner in the art, the extent of his works, and of other relative properties respecting them, and of the distinctive variations of impression that had resulted by alterations in any one or more states of the plates so produced.

This sentence may be puzzling, but a little thought will discover what the writer means, and a slight knowledge of the subject will show that Dodd does not exaggerate his own merit.

The shop in Tavistock Street soon made its name. Collectors eager to buy, students anxious to learn, and poor folks driven to sell, rejoiced to find a dealer who understood his stock in trade, and conducted it upon honest principles. Dodd gave a fair price and sold at a fair profit, taking no advantage of a vendor's ignorance nor of a buyer's folly. He has left but few successors.

The shop became a "rendezvous of the cognoscenti," as people said in those days, careless of the unities and the harmonies. Dodd was constantly employed judging and valuing prints, buying, selling, and studying without intermission. The demands made upon him as a critic, and his growing reputation, tempted him to undertake the public sale of books, prints, and articles of *vertù*. In 1806 he took front premises, with an auction room at the back, in St. Martin's Lane, and began business. But the French war was then at its height, the income-tax crushing, and men's minds full of anxiety. In every street, hung out to view hatchments blacker than the engraver's best, and the newspapers gave such a catalogue of dead students in the art of war as distanced Strutt and Dodd together. Things did not go well in St. Martin's Lane, but the other business had not been given up, and it prospered fairly. The stock, however, increased beyond reason, and in 1809 Dodd resolved upon a country trip. He chose a thousand of his best engravings, ranging from the earliest period of the sixteenth century and ending with those of the eighteenth. These he sent to Liverpool by canal, and followed himself, trusting especially to the protection of William Roscoe, to whom he had a letter of introduction.

He was not disappointed. That great connoisseur received him at Allerton Hall, and gathered the most likely people of the neighborhood for a private view of Mr. Dodd's collection. In due time it was sold, at a large house in Lord Street. Twenty-four days the auction lasted, and it realized £1134 15s. 6d. So successful was this enterprise that in the summer following Dodd sold a large library of books at Liverpool with equal advantage. So began his long connection with lovers of art dwelling in the north. Amongst these are specially enumerated, besides William

Roscoe and his son, G. Bainbridge, G. Howarth, J. Ashton Yates, Littledale, Thomas Winstanley, T. Binns, J. Thompson, Rev. Dr. Hodgson, Rev. Mr. Smythe, Rev. Mr. Orré, Messrs. Fielding, Anderson, Tart, Molyneux, Jackson, Pickering, C. Buckworth, Staniforth, Forsyth, Pulford, Bold, and Fletcher Raincock.

On January 18th, 1809, and nine days following, Dodd sold the collection of General W. Dowdeswell, at his rooms in London. It produced £2377 3s. 6d., and the catalogue is still prized by students in this branch of art. At the close of the same year he bought and offered to the public a collection of prints which he considered unique, after supplementing it from his own resources. The catalogue filled one hundred and seventy pages octavo, and was thus prefaced:—

A catalogue of the extensive and highly important collection of prints, forming a select and unusual display of the most rare and superior productions of the French, Flemish, German, and English engravers who stand pre-eminently distinguished for admirable skill in the respective branches of their art; consisting chiefly of portraits, historical compositions, and landscapes abounding with choice proofs; curious variations and impressions of remarkable brilliancy. Also, a choice collection of etchings, more especially by Flemish artists of the sixteenth century, including many of peculiar rarity and of high interest to the enlightened connoisseur. And upwards of fifteen hundred of the productions of Wenceslaus Hollar, comprising his most estimable portraits of British personages, and of local and topographical scenery of Great Britain of remarkable fine quality.

Strutt's "Dictionary of Engravers," illustrated by upwards of four thousand prints, the works of different engravers therein specified, arranged in chronological order, forming twenty-four vols., imp. folio. A select collection of portraits from paintings of Sir Ant. Vandyke, in upwards of two hundred proofs, and Vander Enden impressions, etc.

The sale lasted twenty days, producing £3202 6s.

In the year 1811 Dodd visited Portsmouth with a miscellaneous store of engravings likely to sell amongst a rough population. He took a room in a public-house facing the Parade, and did business to the amount of £500 in four weeks, with sporting-prints, rural scenes, pictures of pugilists, etc. Next year, 1812, was memorable for the great adventure of Dodd's life. He packed up a selection of his goods for Liverpool, and started after it with his wife. She was a native of Ludlow, and wished to revisit this Shropshire town.

Partly on foot, partly by post-chaise and coach, they made their way, and duly arrived. The reader may well be curious to see a specimen of Dodd's extraordinary style set out in full length; in a neat and careful hand, without one blot or insertion, he writes:—

We made our perambulation up one street and entered that of another, which had its due attractions, and especially in it was an inn of comparatively less humble in appearance to its more potent neighbor, but carrying with it antiquarian cut and neatness that took my fancy. Herein we entered, and were ushered into a parlor remarkably clean and well furnished, and the walls adorned with a profusion of prints neatly framed and glazed. . . . These and other peculiarities within the walls of an inn induced me to inquire of the female attendant on us, and her replies being such as rather excited my curiosity as regarding the antiquarian pursuits of the landlord, a bachelor apparently of the age of sixty. I shortly after had an opportunity of addressing him, and on entering further into conversation we sat down together in full chat, dwelling on the subject more especially of engraved portraits, and of other prints of an interesting class, and of such as pertained to history, personal and local. While thus descanting on the merit and curiosity attached to particular prints, he stated that he possessed a book containing portraits of the kings of England. I naturally made the inquiry of "Who by?" as applying to the engraver of them, which his curiosity had not hitherto led him to denote or fix on his memory, the names of bygone engravers. On my part I surmised that they were the well-known series by Vertue. I, however, requested a sight of them, which he immediately complied with by going up-stairs into his treasury chamber or antiquarian receptacle, and returning therefrom with his "Book of Kings," a thin quarto, within an antiquated parchment binding. I at once perceived by its engraved title its important contents, of which the following is a true copy:—

"Basiloogia; a Book of Kings; being the true and lively effigies of all our English Kings, from the Conquest untill this present, with their severall Coats of Arms, Impresses, and Devices, and a brief Chronologie of their Lives and Deaths, elegantly engraved on copper. *Printed for H. Holland and are to be sold by Comp. Holland over against the Exchange, 1618.*" Signed underneath, "R. E. sculpsit" (Reynold Elstracke).

The continuation of the "Series of the Kings" descend to that of James the First, his queen and progeny, but this series was accompanied by other portraits, consisting of those of nobility, statesmen, and ladies of elevated rank that had adorned the preceding court of Queen Elizabeth and her successor; forming together ninety-three prints, of the same age of publication as the "Book of Kings."

No instance upon record had, until the year 1811, produced a similar connecting collection of engraved portraits of British statesmen with the above "Book of Kings" of contemporary publication, which in the above year was brought to public competition at Christie's rooms, then known (the book) to have been the property of some member of the Delabere family. This latter copy, however, contained one hundred and fifty-two portraits, which were sold separately in as many lots as were productive of the sum of six hundred pounds.* In this place it must be observed that the "Basiloogia" was in itself a publication unconnected with other engraved portraits of contemporary issue, but as the context proves, from other similar additions to copies of the "Basiloogia" that have since come to light, that in order to give it a more bulky form some few individuals of the reign of James I., who attached interest to portraits painted at that period, caused them to be so far connected by binding, or by sewing them within a parchment or other cover, by which means they were thus preserved and handed down to our own times, otherwise (as with many of great interest) have by this time become nearly obsolete and of non-existence.

Dodd's excitement on discovering such a treasure in a second-rate inn of a small town, confounds all his parts or speech—antecedents are scattered loose abroad, and relatives make no visible efforts to find them. Nominative cases stand master of the field, from which verbs have fled in despair. King Sesquipedalia rules supreme. It may have been a certain eagerness in his guest's demand, which caused the landlord to refuse £50 for his book. Refuse he did, any way, and the Londoner withdrew discomfited, after arranging a system of intelligence with Mrs. Dodd's relatives, whose duty in life was henceforward to keep an eye upon the "Basiloogia."

The sale at Liverpool on this visit consisted mostly of standard prints and books of illustration. That business over, Dodd started on a tour through north Wales, leaving his wife behind. Some of his old friends and persecutors recognized him, but Conway Abbey had passed into possession of Lord Newborough. Some months after Dodd's return to London he heard from the faithful spies at Ludlow, that the possession of a "Basiloogia," or more worldly cares, had proved too much for the innkeeper's brain. Fevered with hope, Dodd waited on him at the earliest opportunity, but all he got for the offer of £100 was a promise that "some day" the jewel should be his. Disconsolate he re-

* Vide Appendix C, p. 58, "This series," etc.

turned to London, and sought relief in changing his abode. Stafford Row, Pimlico, seemed better fitted than Covent Garden for his stock, which had now become very select, and of no inconsiderable importance. He wished to retire from the more public class of business. Amongst his best patrons here was Mr. Morse, of Clarges Street, a retired nabob, who killed his time by haunting sale-rooms. As he grew more used to such establishments, Dodd's conduct attracted his attention. Indian experience gave him no clue to the motives of a man who became excited over a print, and paid golden guineas for a worn-out portrait. One day he abruptly called, and asked point blank what was the meaning of it. Dodd explained his pursuit at length, and poured a very deluge of learning over his visitor. Mr. Morse had his doubts apparently. He invited the sage, who knew so much, to name for him the engravers of a small lot of prints in his possession, which were signed only with intricate monograms. Dodd came, took a cup of tea, and read the ciphers at a glance, adding copious information from his store. Mr. Morse was fascinated, and forthwith resolved to master the science of calcography. At considerable expense he did so, becoming as enthusiastic as any collector about town. The whim was lost as easily as it had been acquired, for a few pert young nieces laughed him out of it when he really had something to be proud of. For some years his gallery remained under lock and key, till Mr. John Landseer begged permission to inspect it before beginning his lectures at the British Institution on that subject. This stirred the old spirit, but it dozed off again for another year. A like visit from Mr. Young Ottley and Mr. S. Lloyd, vigilant collectors, bent on the same object, finally reawakened Mr. Morse, and he began to buy with energy and purse recruited. When he died, in 1816, Dodd sold the gallery by auction, as enjoined by Mr. Morse's will. It made thirty-six hundred lots, disposed of in twenty-eight days, for nearly £6000. The catalogue is considered important.

On September 9th, 1816, the sale of Mr. Roscoe's collection attracted buyers from every land to Liverpool. Dodd took advantage of the opportunity to put up to auction a quantity of prints, which he declares to have vied in importance with Roscoe's famous gallery. It does not seem to have sold to his satisfaction. Nevertheless he disposed of a second lot

a month afterwards, with results still more unprofitable.

In the year 1817, a vast amount of time was wasted on a work which François Brulliot forestalled. The "*Dictionnaire de Monogrammes*," etc., of that authority, made useless all Dodd's labor. He takes the surprise and disappointment very cheerfully. From this time fortune left him. It had been hoped that peace would bring prosperity, but stupid financiers and reckless politicians made the years succeeding Waterloo yet more bitter than those of the struggle. Though Dodd is not clear on this subject, it is evident that he was ruined about this time, and lost his London business. He bought and sold, but on a smaller scale, and mostly in the provinces. A certain Wise, auctioneer of the "rigging" sort at Liverpool, had some share in these reverses. Discouraged, no doubt, by his own ill-luck, Dodd allowed this man to sell his prints in 1818, and suffered considerably. But he obtained some seven hundred pounds, and with that small fortune in hand went once more in quest of the "Basiloogia."

People at Ludlow entertained the proverbial opinion of their prophet. The owner of the "Basiloogia" had incautiously boasted how a Londoner had offered him £100 for his engravings, and henceforth the Ludlowites recognized him by no other name than "the old fool," *par excellence*. Under this title Dodd easily found him, and he shrewdly turned to use the public scorn, for Wigley had a natural inclination to prove himself neither fool nor story-teller, and the one way to succeed was to show the cash. In short, after seven years' essay, Dodd bought the "Basiloogia" for £100. All the way to London he displayed his treasure before every one who entered the coach, including two pointer dogs which travelled with two gamekeepers. General Dowdeswell, before mentioned, bought twenty-three of the prints, which were lacking in his own collection, for £150. The kings themselves, twenty-four in number, went to the dowager marchioness of Bath for thirty guineas. Some others Dodd sold to Mr. Wilson at five guineas each, and the remainder, in one lot, to Mr. P. Colnaghi for £130.

A long illness in 1818-19 seemed to have further deranged Mr. Dodd's affairs. In his bedroom, however, he wrote "A Dissertation on the Origin of the Art of Engraving, &c., comprehending a Period from the Time of Noah to that of the Date of the Birth of Jesus Christ," etc.,

etc., never published. The MS. is in Mr. Mayer's possession. That part of it which gathers together all scattered references to the art which the Bible contains is particularly interesting.

On leaving his room, Dodd found he "possessed neither funds nor that class of stock sufficient to propel me again into action. Nevertheless, my credit was good with many; but, on my part, I declined in a degree in accepting it, but on the condition only of sale or return of such stock as I could dispose of." Taking a quantity of books and prints to Liverpool upon these terms, the sale of them proved so unsatisfactory that Dodd shook the dust off his feet for a witness against that town, and went to Manchester. There was nobody to rival him in the neighborhood. Works of art, books, etc., had been sold hitherto upon the system of halfpenny biddings, a little fact suggestive enough. Dodd found trouble at first in opposing custom, but some persons of position took him up, and presently he began to thrive once more, in a small ground-floor at Pool-fold, then at the entrance of the Exchange in St. Ann's Street. "My name and fame," says he "(if I may so express it), became a topic of conversation, far and wide, of that locality, the seat of manufactures."

So things went "progressively," till it became desirable to move a third time. Dodd took large premises in King Street during the year 1821, where he ventured to dispose of miscellaneous articles, even farm-stock. As an auctioneer he was very popular, and his private trade in books and prints again became important. The London dealers knew and trusted him, consigning large parcels to his care.

In 1823 Dodd hatched a scheme fated to have important consequences. How it was formed he himself should best know, and he has explained the matter as follows:—

My natural impulse led me moreover to diffuse by the course of conversation in reply to enquiries, many interesting topics on the subject, and especially with individuals whose attentions were more or less excited therein, combined with an instinctive desire to become more elevated in their conceptions and a general comprehensive culture of them. From such essential promulgations I gradually discerned a generous feeling towards them by the more enlightened classes of the community, and foresaw that if in a degree they were directed and diffused among the ingenious although uninitiated minds of the community, great and highly intellectual results would ensue, to the benefit of all classes engaged in

operative employments of manufacture. Entertaining within me such and other like mental thoughts upon the subject, I duly considered that by a diffusive circulation of prints adapted to such essential purposes among the leading and more influential individuals of the trading and manufacturing classes of the community of Manchester, might eventually lead to such beneficial results as I then duly contemplated.

Led by these reflections, Dodd addressed a circular to his wealthiest patrons. It proposed, in effect, that they should each subscribe £10, to be expended by Dodd in the purchase of prints and books at his discretion. Whatever the sum so raised, he undertook to add as much on his own account, and the articles bought he engaged to sell at private auction. Every subscriber would have a right to his ten pounds' worth, and as much more as he chose to buy.

This circular was immediately answered by leading citizens, but it especially struck the artists of the town. At a supper-party there was much talk of it, and next day Mr. Calvert, a painter, waited upon Dodd in the name of his brethren to suggest an annual exhibition of pictures. As a result, a general meeting of the profession took place at Messrs. Jackson's print warehouse, in Market Street. Dodd was called to the chair, an honor which he declined, but he readily became their honorary secretary. At his house weekly meetings were held, until the association resolved to call upon their wealthier townsmen to create a permanent fund for exhibitions. The circular was drawn up by Dodd, and it found immediate answer. A number of gentlemen met and formed themselves into a committee of consideration. They resolved to buy the premises of which Dodd's sale-rooms formed part, nearly an acre in extent, the property of Colonel Ford, of Sandbach. Dodd was commissioned to treat with this gentleman, and he secured the place, after personal negotiations, for £5750.

The active and business-like men who had this matter in charge wasted no time. A general meeting of the inhabitants of Manchester was called for October 1st, 1823, in the large room of the Exchange. A hundred and forty persons subscribed £50 apiece, and the Manchester Institution was afoot. Its further progress need not be followed here.

But the originator of the scheme did not share the general delight. When subscriptions poured in so fast that the committee found themselves worth £16,-

100 in six months, Dodd's premises were no longer equal to their desires. They resold the property to one of their number, a Mr. Christie, whose drysalting establishment abutted on it. There is no apparent reason to suppose that he had any object besides a wish to increase his business, but Dodd was bitterly aggrieved. Very libellous words indeed does he employ to denounce the greed of Christie, and the thoughtless ingratitude of those who so used his own idea to turn him out of house and home. For the drysalter instantly gave notice to Dodd, and, in the mean while, heaped bricks and timber before his entrance door. A threat of law, and a mutual explanation, brought both parties to an understanding for a while.

"The Connoisseur's Repertorium," first part, is dated from Manchester, Dec. 13th, 1824. It was a "History of Artists, as Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers who have flourished from the Era of the Revival of the Fine Arts in the Twelfth Century to the present Epoch, by Thomas Dodd." A very fair number of subscribers encouraged the book, which would have been most valuable had Dodd possessed the faculty of using his extraordinary information. The reader will quite comprehend by this time how it was the enterprise broke down at its sixth volume or part. Mr. Douce, however, the "benefactor" of the Bodleian Library, found it not too diffuse. He wrote a letter of strong congratulation to Dodd, extolling the merit and erudition of the work, and even declaring, "You had little occasion to apologize for your style of writing the text, because it is exceedingly good, and just what it ought to be." On that point opinions may differ, but no one will doubt that the "Repertorium" would have been an astonishing monument of learning.

Christie's building-operations finally overcame Dodd's obstinacy. He gave up his rooms at the end of 1825, and left Manchester in disgust. Liverpool welcomed him with no better success, for a panic raged there. After eight years' absence, Dodd returned to London, and started sale-rooms in Leicester Street, Leicester Square, opposite that too famous establishment called "the Slaughter House," which was kept by a former clerk of Dodd's, George Jones. For two years the rivalry lasted, until the ex-master gave way, and the Slaughterer ruled supreme.

In 1828, three publishers, Messrs. Hurst and Chaunce, of St. Paul's Church-

yard, Hunt and Clarke, of York Street, Covent Garden, and Charles Walker, Paternoster Row, proposed to pay Dodd forty pounds a volume of his "Connoisseur's Repertorium," to be published every three months. At the end of the following year this arrangement ceased, as one partner was bankrupt, another had retired, and the third did not see his way. Mr. Martin Colnaghi just then offered Dodd four pounds a week to act as foreman in his establishment. The position was accepted, and in this capacity Dodd was employed to catalogue and rearrange Lord Yarborough's collection of old prints. When the opportunity arrived, he did not fail to stir in his lordship an enthusiasm almost equal to his own, and upon the superintendence of Colnaghi's affairs falling into the hands of the well-known auctioneer, Harry Phillips, Lord Yarborough took Dodd into his own employment. In this service he remained, purchasing prints and completing the collection till 1834. At that time died his patron, Mr. Tennant, Lord Yarborough's brother-in-law, and on that event the pursuit was set aside.

During the same period Dodd made the indices and mounted the prints for Mr. Bowyer's splendid illustration of Hume's "History of England." Mr. H. Hawkins was his immediate employer.

For some years following he traded in prints, visited Manchester and Liverpool, and settled for some months in the former town. His most important commission was the re-arrangement of Mr. Standish's collection at Duxbury. At the end of 1838 Dodd tried once more to fix himself in Liverpool, but failed.

At this time [he writes] Mr. Clements took on him the kind office of introducing me to your notice at your residence at Everton, where I met with a most cordial reception from you (Mr. Mayer) personally, and with it, moreover, your kind and liberal patronage, and which I have retained in succession from year to year to the present hour, to my great comfort, repose, and gratification. At the interval herein alluded to, I was requested to recapitulate some memoranda of my early adventures in life, which no doubt, from the very singular narrative I then gave, prepossessed you with a desire that I should transmit passages of it to paper, of which the present document forms some of the most interesting passages that I, at this present time, carry in remembrance.

In 1839 Providence "became alive to his necessities." Francis Douce had left his magnificent gallery to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. And every connois-

seur in England would have cried out had not Thomas Dodd been named to arrange it. There were fifty thousand prints to class under at least two thousand engravers, of every time, of every nation, and in all branches of the art. Dodd saw more distinctly than any one the enormous value of a catalogue to such treasures, and he was induced to give incredible pains to it by the understanding that it would be published. This has not been done, though lovers of art have many times tried to urge the duty upon the authorities of the Bodleian. In it is stored such various and accurate erudition as no living man possessed upon the subject in that age or in ours. Were it only for gratitude towards Mr. Douce, this monument should be printed.

Shortly after the completion of his two years' duty in Oxford, Dodd received news of the great sale at Strawberry Hill. The prints of that extraordinary collection had been placed in the Round Tower, expressly built for them by Horace Walpole. George Robins, the auctioneer who managed the sale, had made them into bulky lots, so as to get through them in two days, and Dodd was invited to examine this arrangement, upon public protest from nearly all collectors in England. They called for Dodd. He came, and instantly pronounced the proposal absurd, and ruinous to the estate. Consequently, at a commission of 1 1-2 per cent., he undertook to redistribute the lots, and make a catalogue *raisonné*. It was done in the utmost haste, whilst the grand sale proceeded. Ultimately, the prints were moved to Robins's rooms, at the Piazza, Covent Garden, and there were disposed of in a ten days' auction. Robins's three hundred lots formed thirteen hundred and thirty-one under the new arrangement; four of them alone made nine hundred in Dodd's hands, which sold for £1800. The entire proceeds reached £3840 10s.

Another instance of Dodd's judgment was furnished at the Binner sale. This gentleman died, leaving legacies to the amount of £1500, and only his prints to pay them. The executors expected a woful deficit, since the whole collection loaded but a single van. Dodd, however, cheered their incredulous spirits, and under his skillful arrangement Messrs. Sotheby realized £2950.

For two years longer he worked at cataloguing and classifications, until a meeting with Mr. Hurst, then of the Charterhouse, put into his mind the idea of joining that brotherhood. This gentleman

had been a publisher, and had held relations with Dodd. Upon his recommendation the latter applied to each governor, and by all was kindly received. The Bishop of London put him in nomination, but before the time arrived Lord Wharncliffe passed his name before several others on the list, and Dodd found himself a brother of the Charterhouse. And thus concludes his autobiography:—

Here, located in this magnificent asylum, founded and endowed by the truly great and most worthy philanthropist and benefactor to his fellow mortals, Thomas Sutton, I pass my time in comfort and in the pleasing enjoyments of those rational and interesting pursuits in which I have been engaged by my own ultimate choice from my youth as the most agreeable pastime and recreation, as I still wish to be engaged in, and hope to retain to the termination of my existence in this transitory world. A portion of my time at intervals is spent in the illustration of the more recently published History of Robert Smith; of this most excellent establishment, denominated "Charter House," and of its most worthy and benevolent founder.

He died August 17th, 1850, at the residence of Mr. Mayer, to whom he bequeathed the whole of his immense collection. They fill something like two hundred folios, a mine, a new world, of antique lore. Amongst them is the "Dictionary of Monograms" and the "Account of Engravers who have practised their Art in England from 1550 to 1840, or near it," with innumerable dissertations upon kindred subjects. Two days after finishing the great dictionary, which had employed him forty-five years, he died. Only an hour after writing *Finis* he took to his bed! In fulfilment of a very long promise, Mr. Mayer had him buried in St. James's cemetery at Liverpool.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

DULL SERMONS.

"DON'T put all your theology into your first sermon; you will want some of it for your second." Such was the advice once given in my hearing by the late Bishop of Winchester to his candidates for deacon's orders, seated round his large horseshoe dining-table. He added, "Mind you are not dull in your style of preaching; it is very easy to be dull; the generality of people are dull."

As regards the ordinary Sunday sermon, most of the laity will fully agree with him,

and did they live in Oxford, and watch the way in which clergymen are manufactured, they would easily understand the causes of this wretched flatness of discourse. A young man of no great ability can in three years scramble through the minimum of classics; answer a few questions on the subject matter of four and a half books of Aristotle's Ethics; cram up a small allowance of Bible facts; "pass," often by the skin of his teeth, as Job says, the terrible ordeal of the examiners; skim through a regulation list of books for ordination; learn up a certain stock of biblical or sacrificial phrases, to be served up according to the well-known views of the bishop, and, donning a suit of black, be ordained, and turned out to act as a fully fledged parson, often sent directly to minister to the needs of a poor and populous parish.

The next Sunday the youngster, "sworn in" at the age of twenty-three to defend a number of enormous propositions which he has swallowed wholesale, having very likely never written an essay in his life, nor said one grammatical sentence in public; whose only speech has been made in returning thanks on behalf of the bridesmaids at some wedding in the long vacation; utterly ignorant of life, of men and things, stands up, and in a cold perspiration of terror, lets off a collection of platitudes about some obvious fact or incomprehensible dogma; or else delivers a curious medley of texts, bad philosophy, inapt similes, ridiculous assertions, and tremulous appeals, enough to dumbfounder the simple folk, and convulse the educated hearers.

This striking result is caused not seldom by the poor stripling having made a sort of Irish stew of Newman, Robertson, and Sadler, served up with a little gravy of his own. But after one or two Sundays have passed, the dull drab of the man's mind is clearly apparent (one can't go on poaching forever). Still if the curate be hard-working among the poor, quiet, and inoffensive in society, and thoroughly orthodox in his dress, people get to like him "out of the pulpit," and for the sake of his honest toil and good intentions, patiently sit under him and endure his nonsense week by week.

I observe that many of these young gentlemen take refuge in what may be termed the "*salad sermon*;" the text is picked from the gospel, mixed up with the epistle, flavored with the lessons, and garnished with the collect; his hearers are then invited to observe the wisdom of Mother Church in her "admirable selec-

tions," and to follow the blessed guidance she affords in her round of fast and festival.

Then there is the concordance kind of sermon, easily concocted, and capable of being produced to any length in a straight line. The subject, say, is "Love;" you copy out forty or fifty texts in which the word love occurs; you remind the people that it is synonymous with charity; this enables you to produce a fresh stock of places in the Bible mentioning charity; you speak of it as the basis of "all that has been done for us, all we can do for one another." At the close you make a series of applications, beginning with interjections, thus: "Oh, my friends! Oh, beloved! Oh, young man! Oh, sinner! Oh, halting one!" Then lean forward in the pulpit, drop one hand over the side, turn up your eyes, and ask your flock to carry home the "blessed thought" (or the awful thought, if you are preaching on hate), and chew the cud of reflection upon it in the stillness of the secret chamber, or the silent hours of the night, adding (as though it were a new and original idea), in slow and solemn tones, "It's for you, for me, for *all*."

But, after all, the "Cerberus sermon" is the most wearying when endured Sunday after Sunday. To be told *ad infinitum*, no matter what may be the subject under discussion, that this question naturally divides itself into three heads is very tiring; the scaffolding of the sermon is somewhat thus: "These are times requiring a man to have a clear idea on this all-important subject; it will be well, then, to state what it is *not* at the outset." Take a "Temple," for instance, anything will answer the purpose: "This, Beloved, is *not* a Chapel, *not* a Synagogue, not even a Church, but a Temple; clearly understand to-day we are speaking of a *Temple*." This line of talk for ten minutes; then another ten minutes are spent in describing the shape and the furniture of a temple; what a temple really is in its essence; lastly, how *we*, under the new dispensation, may all of us become temples, holy temples, everlasting temples.

But second only in its weariness is the stock saint's-day sermon of the young ritualist, when he has to preach about the least prominent of the Apostles: "Of this follower little or nothing is said in Holy Writ; he was, no doubt, a humble and devoted member of that early band of Christians who first went forth beneath the banner of the Cross. We can picture him unflinchingly fighting, unwavering

and bold, winning a martyr's crown for the cause he loved so well; he is among the many known only to One above in the beauty of their lives and their sufferings in death." England being a free country, these pictures can be drawn *ad libitum*, the only objection to them being that they do not really teach anybody anything.

Young bachelor curates seem fascinated by such themes; as the trials of domestic life, the duty of husbands and wives, and the best mode of bringing up children, though their clumsy handling of the babe to be baptized forms an amusing contrast to their words of wisdom.

In one respect High-Church clergy have done good service to the nation; they have spoken out boldly, and called "a spade a spade;" still courage to use the simplest word is by no means general; and with many clergymen, to be plain and straightforward in their pulpit language seems an impossibility. I remember quite a sensation running through a congregation, when a preacher, one evening, instead of talking about "habits of cleanliness," and the "necessity of regular ablution," remarked that "plenty of soap and water had a healthy bracing effect upon the body, and so indirectly benefited the mind." People were aghast; and looked as much as to say, "Come, come, this won't do; if Mr. So-and-So really means us to wash, we'd better leave the Church; he ought not to say what he means in homely words like these; if he insists upon using terms everybody can understand we shall have to protest." At the time of the Irish famine, no clergyman could bring himself to say the word "potato" in the pulpit. Preachers called it "that root, upon which so many thousands of God's creatures depended for support, and which in His wise purposes had for a time ceased to flourish;" or spoke of "that esculent succulent, the loss of which had deprived so many hungry sinners of their daily sustenance;" but no one said "potato."

But why should it be more irreverent to use the word "potato" in the pulpit than to speak of corn, wine, oil, or sparrows? In simplicity of expression may often be found the secret of true dignity and real eloquence; good plain words, Saxon ones if possible, monosyllables if to the point, are the best and surest way of gaining the ears of a congregation. Compare the soporific phrases of the ordinary sermon with any chapter of the English Bible; mark how pleasant is the change when a verse of Scripture occurs amid the dry,

meaningless verbiage of the preacher, like an oasis in the desert. But who shall paint the awful suffering inflicted by an extempore preacher, unequal to the effort, whose one talent seems to be the talent of going on? will no one dare to expostulate, and if so, would he stop? He reminds one of the deaf old woman, who screamed away to help the church choir close to her; when reproved (unable to understand the rebuff) she answered, "Not to me be the praise, it is a *gift*:" and moreover the sermon is generally the same, only with a different text. I knew a Calvinistic preacher, who in his discourses seldom failed to speak of the "back settlements of eternity," where in the ages before the world *was*, the elect had been chosen. Very few people ought to preach extempore, for, without knowing it, they generally fall into the same idioms Sunday after Sunday; they have "a choice assortment of stock phrases always on hand—country orders promptly supplied." But the goods are ever the same; like street barrel-organs, they play so many tunes, and no more. A clergyman friend of mine met an old woman one morning after this *round and round* kind of sermon. She said, "Ah, sir, it were a beautiful sermon, it were—so comforting like; it came over, and over, and over again." He fled home, and *wrote* something for the evening service.

Only a clergyman with a clever, candid wife should be permitted to indulge in the "*gift*" of extempore preaching; he would not be *allowed* to repeat himself. "But how can we be expected to find sound, interesting matter week by week, as years go on?" ask the clergy. I answer, study what Dr. Liddon calls the "Shakespearean side" of religion; study the book of men and manners around you; mark the facts of human life; realize how other people feel, and what they have to contend with; be on the look-out for hints; as the late Dean of Canterbury said, "Put your sermon in soak" at the beginning of the week, and build up the practical half of it out of the experience of your parish. Avoid the everlasting type and anti-type sermons, where the stones David used against Goliath are made to symbolize the sacraments, or the children of Jacob's concubines to typify modern Dissenters. Aim at a practical discourse; ask the half-dozen leading men in your parish for a little help; tell them what you propose to preach upon; this will interest them, and bring them to church without fail. Let us suppose you are

going to speak about decision of character; the man of business will be able to furnish instances, taken from his personal experience in past years, where hesitation lost, or decision won, the fruits of golden opportunities; he will be pretty sure to add a suitable anecdote or two; the village grocer, or the radical shoemaker (shoemakers are always radicals), will in their turn contribute to your store; the school-master and one or two more will assist; and instead of bald generalities you will have matter more than you require, will have gauged the mental calibre of the people, and will on Sunday administer medicines, like a wise physician, after testing the pulse of your patients.

If the clergy would rest upon their people, would take them into their confidence, would catch the ideas floating in the atmosphere of their parish and work them up into a practical shape, the parishioners would listen eagerly, and be proud of their share in the sermon. The isolated parson who walks from his study to the pulpit and from the pulpit to his study may be a capital theologian, but his Sunday guns will fire over the heads of his flock.

Perhaps the best books for a young clergyman to read in lieu of the experience which can only come in time, would be the "Arabian Nights," as illustrating the Book of Esther, or the history of Daniel; the works of Thackeray, if he is preaching to fashionable people; and Dickens's works, if his sphere of usefulness is among the "great unwashed." The father looking daily for the return of the prodigal son finds a fitting illustration in the door left open for the chance of welcoming back "little Em'ly," in "David Copperfield." Christ drew his instruction from things as they were then; following in his steps the clergy ought to find the present equivalent to his parables; the letter cannot always be kept, the spirit is for all times. Homely common sense, speaking out of a full heart to a people familiar and friendly, about subjects discussed in the week, which are perplexing the minds or harassing the lives of those who form the audience, will never be dull. The Bishop of Winchester cautioned his clergy against dwelling too much on heresies and schisms over and done with long ago, in these words: "Don't waste your time in killing dead devils, but spend it in manfully fighting the live ones."

As regards the delivery of the discourse, we recommend the advice of the Scotch pastor, "*Cultivate the pause.*" The best oratorical effect was produced on one oc-

casione by an interval of silence during which a celebrated preacher was trying to remember the lost thread of the argument; afterwards, as he opened his lips to apologize to his friends for the delay, they congratulated him upon it, as having had a very fine effect.

It is easy in "Coward's Castle" to pooh-pooh scientific investigation, and speak of the leading scientific men as "enemies to the faith," and "carried about with every blast of vain doctrine;" but the laity would rather hear a clear exposition of the points in which they are wrong; an able and temperate sermon showing the perplexed business man where things were certain; how to receive fresh discoveries, and what were the fallacies likely to mislead him; and where he might be content to wait for more light; a sermon like this would not be dull, but would be thankfully and eagerly listened to by the earnest men of all classes. It is painful to hear again and again that "if you once begin to undermine the Bible by doubting the accuracy of certain texts, the whole foundations of Christianity will be shaken;" all we can say is, "So much the worse for the foundations of Christianity." The thing is a mere question of fact; a question of evidence to be fairly faced; and the best way of "building up" a people in goodness, is by picking out the old mortar and "re-pointing" the edifice. Give a man a preparatory training in weighing evidence, and the shocks of criticism will not make him turn infidel; go on ignoring the result of modern research as long as you can; teach that everything in the Bible is *equally* necessary to salvation, and then, when the storm comes, it will sweep away the taught, religion and all; and the hearers acting upon the oft-repeated dogma, "all or none," will find themselves with *none*.

Only the other day, a leading clergyman in the "Establishment," when asked if he had seen an able article on "Courage and Death," in the *Fortnightly*, replied, "Oh, no; I never read any ephemeral literature." He certainly preaches very ephemeral sermons; but to my mind the real need of sermon-teaching is to deal with the questions now distressing and puzzling people; to supply a healthy antidote to the wrong-headed tendencies of the age. Handle carefully and fairly the riddles of to-day, and earnest men and women will bless you; even though an elderly spinster or two were to threaten to leave the Church, because your style differs from that of what they call the old divines.

While young clergymen are pushing rit-

ualistic details to extravagance, the thinking lay world is hungering for honest, manly advice; let the clergy as asking nothing, and expecting nothing, boldly speak out exactly what they think, and try, for the sake of their flock, to grapple with the intellectual problems of the age; and having thought out for themselves the bearings of a question, an "ephemeral" question if you will, let them stand up and give us the fruits of their reflection. We shall hear no more complaints about dull sermons then; and the pulpit will become a real power, helping to guide and form public opinion and individual goodness.

C. H. GRUNDY.

From Chambers' Journal.

SICK-NURSING, AN EMPLOYMENT FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

To many who are anxious to give their daughters a staff to lean on in life, an occupation which will render them self-dependent and useful, the necessary education for the medical profession is too expensive, independently of other and more serious difficulties. Latterly, many sources of employment have been secured to women; and within the last year certain of the government offices have opened their portals to educated girls, capable of passing an examination by no means trivial, at the hands of the Civil Service commissioners. With what success this step will be attended, it is early to prophesy. It has one great recommendation—namely, that the requirements are not such as to dismay any good pupil in a well-directed collegiate school, and can possess no terrors for those who have already passed the local examinations of the universities—a test which most parents who estimate real mental training for their daughters, would desire them to submit to, whatever their prospects in future life may be.

The complete recognition of the large field of labor open to women as nurses, dates we think, from the time of the Crimean war, when Miss Nightingale and her band of assistants were of such incalculable service to the heroes of their country, when wounded, sick, and dying. Every one at that time felt that the dire necessities of war had developed a sphere for woman's work, the value of which could not be gainsayed; but it has taken years of effort, unassisted by the great pressure of the battle-field, to convince

the directors of hospitals, boards of guardians, and district visitors, that to nurse wisely and well, and with benefit to the patient be he even a pauper, *intelligence* and *special training* are necessary, and that without these qualifications a nurse (so called) is often a curse instead of a blessing. Gradually the state of feeling which made it possible for "Mrs. Camp" to be more than a creation of fancy is passing away, and all classes are beginning to see that in sickness the choice of a nurse is perhaps more important even than the choice of a doctor; that oftentimes life and recovery are in her hands, when the doctor has done his best or his worst as it may be. Nor will any who have ever passed through the valley of severe illness fail to estimate at its true value the tender care of one not only well instructed in her art, but by reason of her previous surroundings and education, capable of entering into the minute refinements of feeling, be they for pleasure or pain, which severe suffering frequently develops in a patient. Well can we understand the feeling which was gratified and soothed, inadvertently enough, in the frame of a poor dying girl in a workhouse, when we gently stroked her thin wasted hand. She exclaimed: "Oh, do that again! It is so long since I felt a soft, gentle hand—never since I was a little child!" At that moment we knew that were it no other gift in a woman which fitted her specially to minister to the sick, her soft white hand is in itself an instrument of healing.

But the education necessary for an efficient sick-nurse is not of the sentimental or dilettante sort; she must in the first place have good and vigorous health, which supposes also good spirits, and we think she ought to have a sympathetic and kindly heart devoted to her calling. At present there are but few women who take the social rank of ladies, who have given themselves to this work; and there are perhaps some difficulties to encounter in their necessary training when they volunteer for the service. Notable amongst the women of the upper classes who give their lives to the nursing of the sick, and to training others to do so, is Miss Florence Lees, the friend and assistant of Miss Nightingale. She was the first student of the art of nursing who entered St. Thomas's Hospital, London, under the Nightingale fund, as it is called; and since that time she has seen considerable service in the hospitals of the Continent in the Franco-Prussian war, and is now

superintendent of the Metropolitan Institution for providing trained nurses for the sick poor. In an address on "Nursing the Sick," recently given by Miss Lees before the National Health Society, she explained the working of this nursing-institution, and the great benefit derived from its operations wherever they extend. Unconnected with any particular religious creed or denomination, the object of the association is to provide nurses for the sick poor in their own dwellings. Unless in a hospital, but few of our poorer neighbors know the luxury of a nurse in illness. With the best intentions in the world, neither the ability nor the time of the relatives of the sick admits of the necessary care and attention. Medicine given just when remembered, and dirt and squalor rendered more terrible and overwhelming than usual, from the extra demand which sickness makes on the resources of every household—these conditions must be apparent to all who have ever visited the sick poor in their habitations. The district nurse changes all this. As far as possible, after she is called in, the sick-room assumes a different aspect; cleanliness takes the place of dirt; the atmosphere of disease is purified and changed, and many are the recoveries which can be traced mainly to her beneficent influence. The want of especial nursing is felt perhaps more terribly by poor than by rich patients, so few of the former class know even how to apply the simplest remedies, to prepare a poultice or to apply a fomentation; and it is with the hope of remedying this great deficiency, that the system of district nursing is being encouraged largely in London, and has already been most successful in Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large towns.

The nurses at present employed in London as workers amongst the poor, are taken chiefly from the class that would otherwise become superior domestic servants. They are lodged and boarded in a district home, of which it is contemplated to open three as soon as possible in different quarters of the metropolis. Two are already in full operation, containing six nurses each, who are lodged, fed, and superintended by a district lady manager. Every nurse is required to undergo one year's training in a hospital; and most of the large hospitals arrange to receive them. In the Nightingale training-ward of St. Thomas's Hospital, the probationary nurses obtain a thorough professional education. As soon as the

nurse has passed her hospital year, she is placed in one of the homes of the association, and commences her practical duties as district nurse amongst the poor of the neighborhood, directed and assisted by the lady superintendent of her home. The expenses of training are not great, and are within the means of all but the very poor. The hospital year costs the probationer thirty pounds for her maintenance during that time, payable in two instalments, fifteen pounds on entering, fifteen pounds at the expiration of six months. Immediately on being received into the home, and commencing work amongst the poor, the nurse receives a salary, beginning at thirty-five pounds a year, and increasing three pounds a year till it reaches fifty pounds. As a rule, each nurse is provided in the home with full board, washing-expenses, a suitable and sufficient uniform dress, a separate furnished bedroom, and the use of a comfortable sitting-room. Every nurse is required to work eight hours a day in her district; and as a rule, unless in some cases of sickness, her duties cease after five o'clock in the afternoon. This is, of course, whilst occupied in district work, which is in a measure a training for more advanced positions and greater responsibilities.

Miss Lees tells us that nursing the sick is by no means a cheerless or depressing occupation; she thinks that no brighter or happier group of women workers can be found than the nurses in her home; and we can well imagine that the deep interest that must arise in the mind of every woman engaged in so good a work must greatly elevate and purify the character of the nurse herself. Miss Lees is anxious to induce gentlewomen to join her staff of nurses, and to qualify themselves by the prescribed training and by the experience gained in district nursing, for the entire charge of special cases amongst those who can afford to make skilled nursing a remunerative employment for women.

Miss Merryweather, who until lately had the charge of the district nurses at Liverpool, and is now lady superintendent of the Westminster Hospital training-school for nurses, is most anxious to induce ladies to join her ranks. The difficulties existing in the way of the intimate association of different classes of women in the training-home—at present too small for all requirements—may, it is hoped, be removed by the erection of a suitable building, and the inauguration of a fund in memory of the late lamented

Lady Augusta Stanley, than whom none more fully appreciated and encouraged the idea of trained and skilled sick-nurses. We can well understand how valuable an assistant the anxious surgeon or physician might secure in a well-trained, cultivated, and intelligent lady nurse. It is often highly desirable, for the sake of change of air, to send a patient to a distance from her medical attendant; but lest matters should go wrong, and for lack of some friend whose knowledge is equal to the necessity of the case, the change is pronounced to be impracticable. We will suppose that a lady equal in social standing with the doctor himself, possibly with the patient also, has been engaged at the early stage of the illness, has with the doctor, watched the progress and symptoms of the disease, and has taken her place as nurse and companion to the patient. Her education and experience are such that the doctor can with confidence trust her to keep a watchful eye on his patient, to note every changing symptom, and to keep him informed daily — hourly if need be — of the minute details of the case on which his treatment is based. In the charge of such a nurse, the most anxious medical man might trust his patient to remain at a distance, feeling sure that the state of the pulse, temperature of the body, and every changing phase of disease, would be accurately communicated to him by letter or telegram, and so enable him to regulate his visits intelligently and according to necessity, and not by the caprice of an excited and nervous patient, or an ignorant and terrified nurse. Such skilled attendance would undoubtedly command liberal payment; and we can well imagine that many who now toil their lives away as governesses — vainly striving to teach that which they never knew, and to exercise a vocation for which they were never fitted — might have experienced a very different fate, and spent happy and useful years, had it not been the fixed idea which until lately remained unchallenged, that educated and refined women who required to earn their living must of necessity be governesses or nothing.

It is right to say that recently the committee of the Nightingale fund have afforded increased facilities for gentlewomen wishing to qualify themselves in the practice of hospital nursing, and a limited number of such probationers are, as we have already stated, now admitted to St. Thomas's Hospital upon payment only of the cost of their maintenance during

their year of training. These candidates are supposed to enter with a view of ultimately taking superior positions in public hospitals and infirmaries. These lady probationers — whose ages should not be less than from twenty-six to thirty-six years — receive instruction from the medical instructor and the hospital "sisters" or chief nurses in the wards, and serve as assistant nurses during their year of probation. The lady superintendent of the Nightingale Institution at St. Thomas's Hospital is at all times accessible to written inquiry, and to personal visits on Tuesday and Friday between ten and twelve o'clock. It is difficult to imagine an occupation for our daughters and sisters, more entirely in harmony with the character of a true woman, or more beneficent in its object than that of tending their afflicted fellow-creatures.

From Chambers' Journal.
LEECHES.

THE great demand which suddenly sprung up for leeches for surgical purposes at the end of last century, caused their natural haunts in the swamps and marshes to be invaded by armies of collectors, who soon denuded them of their ordinary stock. The French seem particularly partial to leeches, and their use in that country has always been more general than elsewhere. As a consequence of the drain upon her supplies, she was the first to suffer from a diminished yield; and in time the famine spread to Hungary, Turkey, Greece, and Germany, and even to Algeria and Syria, all of which countries were ransacked in the search for these blood-thirsty creatures. The scarcity and dearthness of leeches at last attracted attention, and it was, we believe, about 1830 that the idea was conceived by a Frenchman that leeches might be kept in regular farms and bred, just like any other animal for which there is a steady market. The idea was soon carried into practice, and with such success, that leech-breeding has come to be regarded as a distinct industry of no little importance, and is carried on to a considerable extent in different parts of the Continent.

The success of such an establishment depends, of course, on the choice of a suitable locality, and as the spots best adapted for this purpose are generally tracts of marshy ground, which are either useless for any other purpose, or — worse

than useless—a nuisance, the selection of such areas and turning them to account in this way, is a double benefit. As an instance of the advantages attending the establishment of the industry in such places, setting aside the actual and immediate profits of the trade, we may quote a writer, who, twenty years ago, gave his experience of such an undertaking. Natural swamps previously neglected are cultivated and placed under control, their miasmatic effects are neutralized, and employment is given to many poor people, who would otherwise find it hard to get a living. In the department of La Gironde alone, about ten thousand acres of land have been devoted to this purpose; its value has risen six or eight fold; men's wages have risen from 1s. to 2s. 6d. and 3s. a day; women and children also find remunerative occupation; shops have sprung up where none previously existed; and the condition of the peasantry generally has been vastly improved.

Let us examine one of these farms which have been the means of doing such an amount of good. We will pay a visit to one of the first of many which were established by M. Laurens—namely, that at Parempuyre, about nine miles from Bordeaux. Here an area of about four hundred acres near the Garonne, is devoted to this industry. The marsh is subdivided into compartments of five or six acres in extent, each of which can be inundated separately. It is surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide by five feet deep, outside which is a bank of earth which acts as an obstacle to the escape of the leeches, and which also enables the watchman to go round the property at night without being seen; for there are some thieves who cannot resist the temptation of stealing even leeches when the opportunity presents itself. Outside the bank is a second ditch, connected with the inner one by occasional breaches in the intervening bank. Each compartment is intersected with drains, and can be flooded or laid dry at will by opening the hatches with which the ditches are provided. In the case of draining the water off, the lower hatches are replaced by perforated metal ones, through which the water, but not the leeches, can escape. Besides these breeding-grounds is a reservoir, similar to them in every respect, which is replenished at every opportunity with the larger leeches; so that, when the other beds are laid dry, there is always a stock on hand ready for the market. This reservoir is always kept covered with water to the depth of three

to five inches, and holds from forty to fifty thousand leeches to the acre; a rate rather larger than that observed in the breeding-ponds, which are populated to the extent of thirty to forty thousand leeches per acre. During the cold season the leech remains quite underground; but the first rays of the spring sun being him out, and then a troop of horses is made to enter the breeding-grounds, in the proportion of ten to the acre. The leeches attach themselves to the lower part of the legs of the animal, and then gorge themselves. The same troop of horses remains "on service" for five or six hours, when they are recalled and tended, and sent back to their pastures, where they are allowed to rest and regain strength. After eight or ten days' rest, the horses are again despatched on duty; the hitherto unfed leeches, and those that have digested their last repast, come out again; and from about the 1st of March to the middle of June they are thus fed about eight or ten times each.

In June the leeches all go underground, and the laying-dry of the parks commences; the horses are kept out of them, the weeds and reeds are allowed to grow, and the soil becomes better knit together, as it were. In July and August the leeches come out to deposit their eggs in the tufts of herbage, and then the drains before mentioned are filled with water enough to keep the ground moist. The leeches having performed this duty, again burrow underground, and in a short time the young ones make their escape from the eggs.

The parks are now inundated, and at the end of August the fishing commences. The fishers, protected by high boots, enter the pond arranged in lines, and beat the water with sticks, to arouse the dormant leeches, which soon appear in great numbers, ready, after their long fast, for another feast. The large ones are carefully lifted out and placed in bags, with which each person is provided; and the line of fishers gradually advances till the whole bed is thoroughly beaten. It is then left to be subjected, three or four days afterwards, to another careful search, a sufficient stock being always reserved in the shape of the young and small leeches, and those that, not having digested their food, do not put in an appearance on the unceremonious summons of the collectors.

The price of leeches in the market now is about four pounds per pound-weight—an average of five hundred individuals

going to the pound. An establishment such as that described above will produce several million leeches annually in a healthy condition. Serious losses are experienced in cold weather, and in consequence of injudicious handling of the annelides; but the profits are nevertheless considerable, as the cost of maintenance and collection is not very great.

The method of feeding these interesting flocks is, as we have said, by sending a number of horses into the ponds, periodically, for unless leeches are provided with an ample commissariat, they will take themselves off in search of forage elsewhere. The horses used for this purpose do not suffer to anything like the extent that might be imagined. They are closely watched during the operation, and carefully tended afterwards. In many cases, horses which have been bought for a trifle have, under the care bestowed upon them, improved so wonderfully as to have been sold afterwards at a profit, so little does the system injure them. Old horses, whose lives have hitherto been a succession of hard knocks and fastings, and a perpetual round of fatiguing journeys, here find a relief from their burdens; death is deferred for months, and even years, and the latter period of their life is passed in a paradise, compared with the experience they have gone through.

Paris alone "consumes" some twelve million leeches annually; and, prior to the establishment of the system of producing them in artificial reservoirs, the annual importation into France from abroad, exclusive of its own production, was nearly fifty millions. The enormous demand for these useful surgical attendants throughout the world may be estimated from the above figures.

From The Victoria Magazine.

WORK FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

NINETY years ago, women of the class who now swell the ranks of governesses took to dressmaking, and found themselves in no degree "degraded" thereby. Why should not their descendants do the same? The writer of these lines knew a firm of fashionable dressmakers, the members of which were the four daughters of a man who was socially, and by birth and education, a gentleman. Their business

was so well conducted, and succeeded so well, that they were enabled to retire on a competence while yet in the prime of life. What is there "derogatory" to a lady in making and fitting dresses on to ladies? The dressmaker is only brought in contact with her own sex, she has her own domain, and is a monarch therein, if in requisition among fashionable persons. We advise young ladies who are deft with their needle, to take a few finishing lessons in the art of millinery, and commence in a small way, in conjunction with a friend. With industry and good work they would soon be more independent than a nursery governess can ever be. Another opening might be in this line: there is room in London for a fair number of ladies' restaurants; if two or three ladies with some capital, one of them possessing that amount of housekeeping knowledge often found—despite the groans of certain desponding press-writers—and all having good business capacity, were to set up a good restaurant in a leading thoroughfare, exclusively for ladies, we believe that they would have every prospect of fair success. The polished manners of gentlewomen would commend the place to customers, and by being confined to women only, there could be no danger of its being frequented by persons who could not be refused entrance, and yet whose manners would be offensive to gently nurtured women. Of course, it will be objected that this is "trade," and not fit for gentlewomen. We reply that it is far more fit than domestic service, which we hold to be simply impracticable; that it is quite as fit as being "dummy" in a mantua-maker's show-room, and there are clergymen's and officers' daughters occupying this position—a position which we by no means despise; but we object to the process of "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." We fully concede that the work we recommend is not that which properly speaking belongs to the social status of a lady; but we deny that a lady need in any way lose respect in her own eyes or in those of others; and while so few avenues remain open to women who have their living to make, it is a pity not to include among "ladylike" occupations all that can by any possibility be entered upon without that distinct transition to another social sphere which domestic servitude involves.

From The Gardener's Magazine.

A PERFECT LAWN.

AFTER years of devotion to gardening as the most blessed of pastimes for a hard-working citizen, I rejoice in nothing more heartily than in the exquisitely perfect grass-turf I have secured as the reward of unremitting labor. In some points of management I have departed from the rules from time to time laid down in the magazine, but I have nowhere read such admirable treatises on the making and managing of grass-turf, and if my plan of procedure differs from that of our editor, it remains to be said, so far as I am concerned, that I should probably never have acquired a single practical notion on the subject except for its frequent eloquent and instructive appeals to us to do our utmost to secure a perfect turf. Having about half an acre of grass and two good mowing-machines — a Shanks and a Climax — I seem to begin well, but a fastidious eye and a strong soil combine to make weeds conspicuous. I tried our editor's plan of changing daisies into clover by means of sprinklings of phospho-guano. It is a grand method to put into operation just before you leave home for a month or so, but I don't like it if I am not going away. On a fine day you take a boxful of phospho-guano, or Peruvian guano, and when you find a dock or dandelion or thistle you powder the guano all over him by means of a trowel, and make him a nice brown color all over. There follows immediately a brown patch, and if the lawn is dotted with these brown patches its appearance is decidedly objectionable for a month or so; therefore, if you intend to leave home for a tour it is a very proper thing to kill the lawn weeds by this process before going away. Four years ago I treated a pretty croquet lawn in this way, and it has become since one of the loveliest bits of turf I have ever seen, for it is nearly all clover, the result, I suppose, of the guano dressing, and after two months of hot weather is still quite green — though dark green — and agreeable to the foot. But, I repeat, this process results in disfigurement of the turf for a month or so; in fact, the brown patches do not disappear until heavy rains occur, and then the grasses and clovers take possession, and the difficulty is at an end. I have tried other preparations for the same purpose, but without finding anything better than guano. I find Watson's lawn-sand an effectual killer of weeds, especially of daisies, but it does not promote a

good aftergrowth as guano does, the result, I suppose, of its being destitute of phosphatic fertilizers. Daisy-rakes are ridiculous, and for the complete eradication of daisies there can be no plan, I think, so effectual as guano-sprinkling. But for three years I have constantly practised a method which I will venture to consider my own. I go out every morning from the time pleasant summer weather sets in until the pleasant summer weather is over. I have in one hand a strong clasp-knife and in the other a box of salt. For this purpose I buy agricultural salt, which is considerably cheaper than culinary salt. When I find a thistle or dock or other rank weed, I carefully cut it out, pushing my knife down so as to cut it below the collar. Into the hole I drop a pinch of salt, which kills the root and makes an end of the business. I must own that sometimes this plan results in brown patches, but they are smaller, at all events, than those caused by the guano system without the knife; and if the work is done with care the beauty of the turf is not materially lessened. Let any one follow up this system and make an amusement of it, as I have done, and the reward will come in time, especially if carried out on land that really suits grass. If I had a soil on which grass did not thrive, I would be content with any substitute, and make no objection to daisies, for, after all, they are green.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

"I think the house beautiful; it is so full of remembrances."

"The slow, sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow, sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil." — TENNYSON.

I AM sitting beside my nursery fire,
Watching my children at play,
And my thoughts go back to the long long
years

Whose record is — passed away.

Yes, passed away is the echo I hear,
As I sit within this room,
And think of the lives of those loved ones
dear
Who first made the house a home.

I see myself still, a little child,
Its walls unfinished and bare,
When brought on our queen's coronation-
day,
The festive gladness to share.

Three years passed away, and the old man died,

Two households we were before :
Now we gathered all round this one fireside
Thirty years ago, and more.

And now, by these very same windows bright
My children are standing to-day,
Looking out on the green grass, the clouds so light,
The blue heaven that is far away.

Far away, but to their child-thought quite near,

For one has just entered there,
Who had told them God would soon call her home
To his heaven so bright and fair.

They were told God's call had come in the night,

"I did not hear him, mamma,"
"I can see no hole in the clouds all white,
Oh ! how did she go, mamma ?"

Ah ! how do they go ? There is answer none,
Be the last watch long or short,
As love holds each look of the dying one
In tender questioning thought.

It came all too soon, that first sad watch,
In the days of spring-time sweet,
He had come home to die, but dying found
The life in Him complete.

Deep sorrow, yet gladness, was ours that day,
When, gathered around his bed,
The Name humbly confessed as there he lay,
We shared in the broken bread.

Father, sister and friend and aunt were there,
And she who had loved so well,
With him through whose life it was holy joy
The glad news of hope to tell.

'Twas sudden and I short on that winter day,
When death's vale by him was trod —
No time to think, no farewell could we say :
Father and son were with God.

Peaceful and calm did the aged one lie,
The corn sheaves for garnering drest ;
"Yes, to live is Christ, but it's gain to die,"
And she entered into rest.

The watch was not sad, we could scarcely weep

Through those days of the new-born year,
She seemed like a tired child fallen asleep,
But the waking was not here.

She had wandered back to the summer days
And up to the golden gate ;
On her lips were words of prayer and praise,
And we could but watch and wait.

And others have crossed to the further shore,
Though not from the old roof-tree ;
Kind hands closed *his* eyes, though no kith or kin,

Whose grave is beside the sea,

Where they laid him, though all too late they went

To see that gentle life close,
While with sound of funeral the marriage-bell blent —

So mingle life's joys and woes.

One passed, too, for long happy years a wife,
Who left us a blooming bride,
She quietly laid down the burden of life,
Fair children grown up by her side.

She had looked for new life with summer's warm breath,

Alas ! she waited in vain,
The new life *was* hers, but of heaven, not of earth,

His mother meets Willie again.

I am sitting beside my nursery fire,
Watching my children at play,
And my thoughts go back to the long long years

Whose record is passed away.

They are passed away, but memory still
Calls those faces round me yet ;

I hear their voices, am one in their midst,
An unbroken household met.

Ah, me ! 'twas a home where goodness and worth

Found ever a welcome meet,
And none would go, but they fain would re-
new

The happy memory sweet.

For a Christian life breathed its power around,
Nothing mean could entrance find,

Loving counsel and help alike were given,
Ever courteous, liberal, kind.

Each day brought to each its appointed task :
But the happy social time

Was when over the open book they talked
Of its prose or poet's rhyme ;

Or discussion grew strong, deep truths were weighed,

Thought, satire, flashed out by turn ;
Or in other moods these aside were laid,
Love's sweeter lesson to learn.

And music and song would the hours beguile
When the evening guests were there,

While the eager talk and the answering smile
Lighted up those faces fair.

But these dumb old walls give no echo back,
They have kept their secrets well,

Fond words have they heard while glad tears
were shed,

But never a one they tell.

But there lingers about them a hallowing
charm,

And I feel them dearer now,
As, folding my children within my arm,
And kissing each fair white brow,

I think of the time when I stood by your side,
To begin my life anew,
And we whispered low, till death do us part
We will be to each other true.

And through the seven years that have passed
since then
Our life has been richly blessed,
While our home was *hers*—'twas as if we had
Entertained an angel guest.

And what glad hearts were ours when first to
my breast
I folded our baby girl,

Then another came, little Sunbeam bright,
Laughing eye and flaxen curl.

And yet once again we gave thanks, when he,
"Little brother," came to share
Our fond love, we forecasting the years to be,
As he lay cradled there.

And the dear old home is now ours alone!
As a trust it comes to me,
Yes, a sacred trust from those who are gone,
Ah! what shall *our* record be?

As sitting beside my nursery fire,
Watching my children at play,
I ask, will they feel it a holy place,
When we, too, have passed away?

MANY people would be amazed at the notion of a "forest" without trees; but those who have either studied the old forest laws or have mastered the geography of the New Forest on the spot know that at all events there may be large parts of a forest wholly treeless. "*Silvum habet in foresta*" is a Domesday phrase, showing that, though there were woods within the forest, yet the forest itself was not all wood. Still one is a little startled at finding any one bold enough to deny that a forest could contain any trees at all. We find such a daring person in a coachman spoken of in Mr. Frank Buckland's "Log-book of a Fisherman and Zoologist." "At one place the tourist asked 'what they called yon hills.' 'Eh, but that's just a deer-forest,' says the coachman. 'Deer-forest,' said Mr. Tourist, 'but I see no trees.' 'Trees,' said coachee, 'but, man, who ever heard of trees in a forest?'" Mr. Buckland, with rather curious logic, adds, "In a true etymological sense I believe the coachman's definition of a 'forest' was right, for I find the following definition in a dictionary: 'Forest, in geography, a huge wood; or a large extent of ground covered with trees.'" Then the dictionary adds some of the usual derivations, among which the Latin *foresta* and the German *forst* may be safely corrected into *foresta* and *forst*. The New Forest and the Domesday record thereof, though they hardly bear out the coachman's doctrine that there can be no trees in a forest, quite upset the tourist's doctrine that there can be no forest without them. According to the most likely etymology, *foresta* is from *foris*, *foras*, an outside place, outside many things, especially outside the ordinary law. There was some one who could not see the wood for the trees. To be unable to see the forest for the wood is a very likely case indeed. In Mr. Buckland's story the wood

was not there, so the coachman was able to see the forest. But it is certain that the forest might have been there, though there had been a reasonable amount of wood to hide it from the coachman and to suggest it to the tourist.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A LESSON IN TURKISH.—The word *ulema* is plural, and means such persons as have graduated in Mussulman law and theology in the *medresses*, or schools attached to the mosques. The pupils of these *medresses* are called *softas*. This word *softa* is a corruption of the past participle of the Persian *soukhte*, which signifies burnt, and indicates that those who bear it are consumed by divine love. The *softas* are taught by professors called *khodjas*, and live in *imarets*, or gratuitous hotels, on the money provided by pious bequests. Their numbers are very large, not because Turks are phenomenally devout, but for the sound, practical reason that the *softas* are exempt from military service. The *softas* ultimately become *khodjas* themselves, and *khodja*, which is borrowed from the Persian, means "reader." The *imams*, who are the veritable priests, take charge of the ceremonies of religion. Their name comes from the Arabic, and signifies "he who holds himself forward." Naturally they are selected from the *ulema*. *Mollah*, from the Arabic *mevla*, means literally "one charged with administrative power," but actually it designates no class in particular, but is applied to anybody who has acquired a reputation for purity of conduct, much as in some English counties the title captain is given for life to anybody who has been lieutenant in the militia for three months.

Standard.